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MARCUS FLAMINIUS;

OR,

A VIEW OF THE

MILITARY, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL LIFE

OF

THE ROMANS:

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM A PATRICIAN TO HIS FRIEND;

IN THE YEAR DCC.LXII.

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF ROME,

TO THE YEAR DCC.LXIX.

By E. CORNELIA KNIGHT.

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus. *Virgil*, Æn. Lib. x.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MARCUS FLAMINIUS;

OR THE

LIFE OF THE ROMANS.

MARCUS TO SEPTIMIUS.

LETTER LIV.

AS I was concluding my last letter, Drusus entered and conjured me, if I should discover any thing relative to the retreat of Valerius, to give him the earliest intelligence; assuring me that he would not be undeserving of my confidence, but unite his efforts with mine, to remove any obstacles that might obstruct the return of my uncle. I thanked him for his zeal, but answered only in general terms; for it is not probable, my friend, that Valerius would approve that I should communicate to the son of Tiberius the asylum he may have chosen; at the same time I am persuaded that Drusus interests himself warmly and sincerely in the restoration of Valerius.

Though it was impracticable to keep my intention wholly concealed, yet, as I wished to make my journey as privately as possible, I have taken with me few servants, but among them is a Sicilian slave, perfectly acquainted with the country, whom Germanicus advised me to receive into my family: he is remarkably intelligent, and may be considerably useful in my present researches. Before my departure I took leave of Manfred, who will soon be restored to his native soil. I charged him to enquire into the fate of Sigismar, and to give me information of him, his mother, and brother.

I am now at Capûa,* where I hoped to receive some intelligence of Valerius; but not having succeeded in my expectation, I shall immediately set out for Baiæ: my journey would have been very delightful, if anxiety for the object of my search, and the uncertainty of the event, did not engross my mind. The astonishing beauty of the neighbourhood of this celebrated city has in some measure awakened my attention. I am unwilling to think that virtue is wholly dependent on climate and other exterior circumstances; but

* Modern Capua is two miles distant from the ancient city, of which some ruins still remain. The country is remarkably fertile.

our Roman colonists begin to imitate the manners of the ancient inhabitants, and if ever seducing pleasure and indolent apathy were excusable, it would be in the soft plains of Campania. Bounteous nature seems here to render industry unnecessary: the pursuits of active life are scarcely to be expected in a place, the air of which lulls and enervates every faculty of the soul. Hannibal robbed us of great part of the glory of driving him from Italy by yielding to the allurements of this city: I am jealous for the honour even of such an enemy, and lament that it should have been lost amidst these myrtle and orange groves, which remind me of his shame. What most astonishes me is, that this should ever have been the seat of dominion of a free and powerful republic. The people appear born for slavery and dissipation: their gaiety is without a motive, and rather apparent than real: their features are regular, but they have nothing thinking or animated; and their character seems a perfect contrast with that of the Cheruscans. They would mutually despise each other, not considering that the extremes of luxury and barbarism are no otherwise different in their effects, than the cup of poison and the dagger.

Soft music resounds through the street; sumptuous repasts are given on the terraces of the houses, lighted by innumerable torches; the porticos re-echo with the feet of the dancers, and the loud acclamations of the spectators. On one side I hear the vociferous clamour of wretches deceived by the inconstant dice, and on the other the authoritative voice of the guard imposing a truce on turbulence or dissension. Unhappy Campanians! they pass their lives without knowing the value or even the pleasure of their existence. On every countenance I perceive the manifest symptoms of listless indifference. Surely I could never be seduced by the boasted delights of Capua; and yet, whoever once becomes their votary, is incapable of any future exertion.

Drusus has here a considerable number of gladiators,* maintained and instructed at his expense. This cruel and humiliating employment, only to be defended by a pretence that such ferocious spectacles are an incitement to the courage of the people, exhibits no real proof of their intrepidity. The man who will for the amusement of others attack his fellow creature without provocation, neither deserves praise, nor even the sordid gain which is lavishly bestowed

* Tacitus, and other historians.

on him. The courage of a brave people wants not to be excited by the view of mercenary combatants; and to grace such wretches with the arms of a soldier, is to degrade the honour of the defenders of their country. You could not, my dear Septimius, better employ the influence you possess over the mind of Drusus, than in dissuading him from such spectacles. These gladiators, you well know, are unhappy men trained up to ferocity; not only useless, but disgraceful to their country; incapable, should they ever be wanted, of supporting the laborious duties to which their birth had allotted them. Is it not painful to humanity and reason to see men of courage and education interest themselves in the event of a combat between the lowest of mankind, whom they have perhaps excited to mutual destruction, from no other motive than to fill up a vacant hour of their own existence, which satiety of pleasure has rendered tedious? I thank heaven my time never lingers while I can hope to be useful to my friends or to the republic.

Were I certain of the destiny of Valerius, every step would afford some new object to gratify my curiosity, or to awaken remembrance. I have shaken off the chains of love, and am no follower of ambition, except when founded on

duty. I flatter myself with having acquired sufficient philosophy to be unmoved by exterior circumstances, and hope you will have no further reason to complain that my ardent imagination, though it often gives me transport, never allows me serenity. Could I once more embrace the man whom I love and venerate with filial regard, his affection and the friendship of Septimius would constitute the future happiness of my life.

LETTER LV.

WHAT a day have I passed! how deeply have I been affected, my dear Septimius, with the solitary and desert aspect of the superb villa of my beloved, my respected uncle! This part of the country is unknown to you; and I, who am happy in imparting to you the impression which objects, familiar to your remembrance, have made on my imagination, would wish to satisfy your curiosity relative to the scenes which you have not yet beheld. But I know not where to begin my description; my heart has been more engaged than my eyes, and my impatience to arrive at a place where I hoped to receive information of Valerius, and where every object would recall him to my idea, made me indifferent to those interesting scenes that presented themselves to my sight in the way from Capua hither.

I have found this neglected villa inhabited by an ancient freedman, whose fidelity to his absent master remains superior to every other consideration. A few slaves under his directions pre-

serve the gardens from total neglect; but the greater number, by order of the magistrates, who have interested themselves in the affairs of my uncle, are distributed in various houses of the Valerian family, until some knowledge can be obtained of the future intentions of Titus.*

The old man met me at the beginning of the plantations, and wept bitterly when, after telling my name, I enquired into the mysterious departure of Valerius. He told me that his patron had one evening, as was often his custom, set out for Naples with Valeria and a few attendants, acquainting his family that he should return the night after; but that, to the great surprise of his servants, no intelligence was received of him the next or the following day; that on the third morning from his departure, one of the slaves who had accompanied him appeared, and related that his master, instead of entering Naples, had crossed the country towards Brundusium, and, at a day's journey from this place had commanded him to return and warn his household not to be surprised if he and Valeria should be long absent, as particular reasons induced him to leave Italy for some months, but that when expedient he would give them further intelligence of his

* Titus Valerius.

designs. I asked to see the slave who had been dispatched by Valerius, but was told he died suddenly soon after his return.

The freedman requested that I would enter the house and repose myself. "You will not," said he, "find either the apartments or the gardens in the state I would wish; but what is the body when the soul is fled? I watch over the remains as diligently as age and sorrow will permit me; but every hour my strength decreases, and my grief augments."

In the vestibule I found the statues of the Muses, and the best of our most celebrated orators and poets. On entering the supper-hall, I observed the figure of Harpocrates near the door; and, in three niches, the statues of Ceres, Bacchus, and Pomona. The same number of basso-reliefs represented Baucis and Philemon; Admetus, though overwhelmed with grief, receiving Hercules; and Scipio, with Asdrubal, at the table of Syphax.

My attention was particularly attracted by the library, in which Valerius has collected the works of all the learned whose studies have enriched the public; but no busts of philosophers decorate the room. The portrait of the good king Evander,*

* Livy, Book I.

who first introduced the knowledge of letters into Italy, is the only one to be seen in this apartment. The books are neatly but not ostentatiously ornamented; those which have no other merit than acuteness of investigation, brilliant ideas, or elegant language, are placed at a considerable height, while those which inculcate historical truths, useful sciences, or sound morality, are nearest the hand, and open to all who enter the library. Adjoining to it is the chamber of Valerius—O Septimius! you will feel for me, you will conceive the sensations with which I entered it! On a small table, near the bed, lay the sayings of Socrates, and Virgil's Georgics. Two statues on similar pedestals are placed in the room; one represents the lovely figure of Valeria as a child, and the other is a portrait of myself with the bulla* about my neck, as I remember it was taken not long before my first campaign in Dalmatia—excellent man! with what tenderness he loved me.

From this chamber we entered an apartment, where my faithful guide informed me that his master used to study. The walls are adorned

* An ornament worn about the neck of the Roman children. Ainsworth.

with various small pictures on a dark ground, all finished to perfection: the drawing is correct, the draperies are light and transparent, the attitudes elegant, and the colouring, which is as slight as possible, peculiarly harmonious. These are the work of Valeria, and represent several interesting subjects in the Roman history. Among the rest are the death of Virginia; the Sabine wives interposing between their husbands and parents to stop their reciprocal fury, and the Roman ladies presenting their gold and ornaments to the public treasury. In this room are the busts of Nasica and Cato the Censor. I could not look on them without reflecting on the impartial virtues of their owner: ever influenced by a disinterested love for his country, he has divested himself of party prejudice, and esteems all those who would truly contribute to the welfare of Rome, however they may differ in opinion concerning the measures most conducive to it.

The apartments of his daughter are simple and elegant. I here contemplated with unspeakable delight and emotion, the portrait of my mother in a distinguished situation. Had I visited the tombs of all who are, or ever were dear to me, I could not have been differently affected

from what I felt in wandering over the habitation where dwelt this great, this best of men. I cannot enter into a detail of the apartments destined for his friends; they are far more splendid than his own, or those of Valeria. You know his heart was liberal and beneficent to all.

The gardens present an appearance not uninstructive for the neighbourhood of Baiæ, where health is usually a pretence for dissipation, and where the rural beauties of nature inspire as little the love of simple and refined pleasures as the most magnificent and populous capital. The gardens of Valerius are disposed in a manner suitable to the nature of the ground. Opposite to the house is a grove of plane trees, and evergreen oaks, through which flows a small rivulet, having on one side a plain, and on the other a lofty hill. In the middle of the grove appears a statue of young Alcides in a thoughtful attitude, as seeming to meditate on his important choice. Beside the rivulet are serpentine walks bordered with flowers of every hue, whose lively colours and delightful perfumes give inexpressible charms to the place. A path diversified by elegant seats, garlands of vine hanging from tree to tree, shady arbours, and statues of Fauns and Driads, leads

to a theatre of sumptuous architecture, in which the Corinthian order is most conspicuous. Here, as I was told, Valerius used to entertain his friends, and many of the neighbouring inhabitants with representations of the best and most instructive dramatic pieces, as well serious as comic. A few days before his departure his comedians had performed several Greek plays, written by Germanicus with great taste and genius. Beyond the theatre is a circus, and a magnificent banqueting room, adorned with paintings of inestimable value, and a variety of beautiful statues, particularly a Cupid mounted on a lion, which he governs by the sound of the harp. Beyond this building is an enclosure wholly formed of myrtles and roses, so high as to conceal from the windows the view of the country beyond it; but when you approach nearer to it, you perceive a fearful precipice ending in a vast cavity where no vegetation appears. The ground is here a pale yellow, and bears the marks of subterranean fire; it resounds hollow beneath the feet, while a dark smoke rises at intervals above the surface; and the natives give it the name of the forum of Vulcan.* Further, the

* The Forum of Vulcan. Solfatare.

eye commands a distant view of the Avernian lake and the marshy and desolate plains near Cuma.

Quitting this awful prospect and returning to the statue of Alcides in the grove of plane trees, I followed the other path which leads up the hill. The ascent is steep, and the entangled branches seem negligently left to embarrass the wanderer, through a way rocky and difficult of access. Between the trees appeared various statues of hydras, chimæras, sphinxes, and other fabulous animals. Coming out of the wood, I perceived the cascade which forms the rivulet; it falls from a considerable elevation, and makes a striking contrast between the silvery brightness of the spray, and the dark colouring of the rocks. A bridge of the boldest construction is thrown across the stream, and the passing stranger is almost deafened by the noise of the falling waters, while the bridge trembles under his feet: having passed it, he finds himself in a dark grove of lofty cypresses, whose venerable appearance proves them to have long been tenants of the mountain. Here I perceived sepulchral urns and tombs of various forms, amidst these funereal trees, dedicated to the memory of those who have died in the pursuit of honourable fame.

One bears the name of Regulus, another of the Decii, and a third of Curtius, with a striking alto-relievo, in which he appears on horseback leaping into the gulph: a fourth bears an inscription, and representation of Lucius Emilius Paulus seated on a stone after the battle of Cannæ, and refusing the horse of the young Roman, who leaves him with every mark of anguish in his countenance. At the furthest part of the grove I observed a most beautiful urn of Parian marble, to which I was directed by the vivid green of a small plantation of laurels, that shaded it towards the east, while to the west the pedestal is covered by roses, woodbine, and various flowers. On a near approach I read the following inscription, which I entreat you not to shew to any of your friends; but which I cannot resist communicating to Septimius, as a proof of the partial affection of Valerius.

TO THE MANES
OF
MARCUS QUINTIUS FLAMINIUS,
SON OF MARCUS AND VALERIA,
WHOSE INTELLECTUAL ENDOWMENTS
COULD ONLY BE EXCEEDED
BY
HIS PROBITY, GENEROSITY, AND VALOUR;
WHOSE FORM WAS AS DISTINGUISHED AS
HIS VIRTUES.
HE FELL IN THE CAUSE OF HONOUR
AND HIS COUNTRY
ON THE FIELD OF TEUTOBURGIUM.

O Septimius! how much did Valerius promise to himself from his nephew? how great must have been his affection!

This urn has not only convinced me more than ever of his affection, but has made me turn my reflections on myself, and impartially consider how far I am undeserving of these praises. I am conscious that the world cannot reproach me with a want either of probity, or courage; but where are these mental endowments, these distinguished virtues, with which the indulgence of a parent has honoured me? Have I not neglected opportunities of improving my mind and

being useful to my fellow citizens? Have I not often been satisfied with feeling the motions of benevolence, and with admiring the talents of the learned? Henceforth let me endeavour to practise what till now, I fear, I have only aproved, or this urn will be a monument of the partiality of Valerius, and of the unworthiness of Marcus.

The grove of cypresses ends in a long walk of the same trees, which leads to an open temple with Ionic columns, on the summit of the hill; in the middle is an altar of porphyry, on which is placed the statue of Immortality, and in the frize above the entrance is a medallion with the figure of Virtue supported by Constancy, and crowned by Fame. The temple is surrounded with laurels, except where a space is left between the two furthest columns, commanding the most delightful prospect: the Elysian Fields* appear immediately beneath the hill; the mount Misenum, with the Roman gallies stationed near it, and various smaller vessels sailing lightly on the placid surface of the gulph of Baiæ; the verdant island of Prochyte, and the blue conical hills of Inarime:† on the other side Nisida,

* Still named Campi Elisi, near Baiæ.

† Isle of Ischia.

whose rocks are crowned with groves; the coast adorned with villas; the stately fabricks of Naples rising majestically above the intermediate promontory; behind, the lofty Vesuvius covered with vineyards, and the long chain of the distant Apennines terminating in the Cape of Minerva; the purple tints of Caprea uniting with an horizon of gold, and the soft exhalations that flutter in the azure sky—all contribute to form a scene which fancy cannot embellish! I quitted with pain this enchanting spot, and returned to the house immersed in grief for the absence of him, whose feeling heart and liberal hand had animated the natural beauties of the place. I here found many of the neighbouring nobility and Roman knights, who, having heard of my arrival, came to enquire after Valerius. All spoke of him with tender veneration, all regretted his departure, and sought in vain to account for it. I could scarce refrain from tears, my heart bled with anguish, and yet I was still more affected when I perceived the portico crowded with poor citizens, who had experienced his bounty, and were now reduced to indigence. They did not seem to claim my protection; they only wished to learn the fate of their benefactor. At this sight, Septimius! my heart assured me that the

absence of Valerius could not be voluntary; he would not have left without provision those whose comforts, and almost whose being depended on his charity. My mind is involved in doubts and perplexities: I shall sleep here this night, or rather I shall continue till the break of day permits my departure, for sleep must here be a stranger to me.

I wander through the rooms and galleries; while my agitated mind has found no rest, except when I have been addressing these lines to you. O Septimius! I shall not enjoy a moment's peace till I have met with my beloved protector. I dare not think that he is no more —that idea would drive me to madness.

LETTER LVI.

AFTER concluding the letter which I wrote to you the night before last, I recollected that Manlius Torquatus, præfect of the navy at Misenum, was an intimate friend of Valerius; and I thought it my duty to make him a visit, and enquire whether he knew any circumstances relative to the departure of my uncle. He received me with transport, and, though he could not give me the information I desired, insisted on supplying me with a proper vessel, and experienced mariners to conduct me to Sicily. This obliged me to delay my embarkation, and in the mean time I have experienced from him every act of attention and kindness. He is a man of real and distinguished merit, and has acquired the highest reputation, as commander of the fleet stationed here by Augustus to keep the western provinces in subjection. He is esteemed by the officers, adored by the seamen, and beloved as a father by the navy in general: he maintains the exactest discipline, and excites the most active

emulation. His table is sumptuous and hospitable: nothing can equal the graceful hilarity with which he presides over it; for he considers cheerfulness as absolutely necessary in his profession, and often cites the example of Duilius, who used to be accompanied home from supper with the flute and harp. You have perhaps heard, that when he was only twenty years of age, he fought on the side of Marc Anthony at the battle of Actium; and he is said to have behaved with remarkable intrepidity. After the death of the Triumvir he became the friend of Agrippa, for whose memory he has a high veneration, and to whose instructions, and example, he is chiefly indebted for his professional knowledge. Yet notwithstanding this advantage, and the favour of Augustus which he enjoyed, he never forgot the sentiments of gratitude with which his first leader had inspired him, but openly avowed himself the champion of his fame, at a time when Octavius was as anxious to obliterate the remembrance of his actions, as he had been to rob him of his dignity and power. Torquatus still retains the same principles; and though nothing can be more displeasing to the present emperor, he continues to speak of Marc Anthony as a brave, generous, and affectionate commander; while

even those who wear the name of this much injured man, observe carefully the rigorous silence, which has been enjoined them by the reigning party.

You may imagine that I am not in a state of mind to partake of the social amusements which Torquatus would prepare for me. I could not however refuse to comply in some measure with his request, and to visit with him the magnificent villa* of the emperor, which formerly belonged to Lucullus, and the more simple dwellings of Marius and Cæsar the Dictator. Near the latter is the Temple of Venus,† an elegant structure, at a small distance from the superb edifice consecrated to Mercury.‡ But what particularly engaged my attention, and what Manlius shewed me with the greatest pleasure, is the noble reservoir,‖ constructed by Agrippa for the use of the fleet while he commanded on this station. This immense structure is supported by arches,

* Phœdrus, &c. Very little remains of the numerous and splendid villas near Baiæ and Misenum; there are some ruins in the sea, which are still called La Casa di Lucullo.

† Temples of Venus and ‡ Mercury, supposed to be those still existing.

‖ The ruins of this are still very interesting.

incrusted with a composition as hard as marble, and susceptible of the highest polish: it is happily placed under Mount Misenum, serving not only to supply the navy, but likewise the neighbouring towns with fresh water, an article of peculiar value in this country.

Towards evening we went to Puteoli,* where a temple is raising to the memory of Augustus, in the most elevated part of the city: the architecture is of the Corinthian order, and will be very beautiful. We visited the buildings and groves,† which Cicero used to call his Academy, yet I believe that Manlius would not have shewn them to me, but at my particular request: he does not love the mention of Cicero, and is greatly displeased if any one speaks of his death. I was so inadvertent as to begin the conversation, and immediately perceived the pain it gave him.

"The death of Cicero," said he, "does not justify his Philippics; but it has drawn a veil

* Pozzuolo. The inscriptions on the temple and several of the columns remain. It is now the cathedral.

† Cicero's villa is still shewn at Pozzuolo, near the entrance of the town.

over many of the illiberal and unjust aspersions with which they abound. There seems to have been a fatality in the persecution which Marc Anthony never ceased to experience from this attractive orator: an ill construction was put on all his words and actions: his friends were seduced his enemies exasperated; his follies exaggerated, and his virtues forgotten. The law of self-preservation appears to have authorised his resentment; but this resentment has cast a greater odium on his name, than if he had proscribed a thousand honester men unendowed with the dangerous gift of eloquence.

"He must surely have been misled: had he merely consulted his own generosity and magnanimity, he would have pardoned his implacable enemy, and have risen superior to him; but now the victory remains with Cicero: his writings, not his arm, were formidable to the Triumvir, and they will probably exist as long as literature has any votaries. They will deceive posterity as they did the contemporaries of the orator: the sentiments and diction will be admired without any investigation of the motives from which they sprung, and few will be impartial enough to form a just estimate of the character of Cicero from a comparison of his

oration for Marcellus with the first he pronounced after that parricide, to which he instigated men, not less ungrateful, but more daring than himself. He deserved to be sacrificed to the manes of Julius Cæsar: he had flattered and betrayed him; but Anthony was too much the object of his hatred to become his punisher—yet, alas! which of us can say with certainty how far clemency should be extended, or how far we can command our resentment! I do not attribute the horrors of the proscription to the unfortunate Triumvir with whom I served, nor even to Augustus or his colleague. Brutus, Cassius, and their adherents, were in reality the authors, because they taught men by a fearful example to distrust the professions of gratitude, and the ties of obligation. Cæsar set no bounds to his forgiveness of injuries—he was therefore murdered and deified."

These last words of Torquatus inspired me with the highest esteem for him, and I respected his partiality to the memory of a chief whose errors he endeavoured to excuse without imitating his conduct.

Puteoli is a strong and well-fortified town: you know that Hannibal went to sacrifice at Cuma, in order to attack this place, without

seeming to make it the object of his journey, and that after three days fruitless endeavours he was repulsed with considerable loss.

From Puteoli we rowed along the most beautiful coast that imagination can conceive; the rocks are covered with flowers and aromatic plants; the variety of islands dispersed round the gulph, and the numerous cities which ornament the shores, form the most delightful and animated prospect. Nothing can surpass in beauty the situation of Naples, except the brilliancy and variegated colouring of the sky under which it is placed. We arrived there late at night, and it is impossible to describe the effect of the moonlight on this enchanting bay, which has been celebrated by Virgil, and many other favourites of the Muses; and it must be confessed that nothing can be more truly poetical than the appearance. Manlius speaks highly of the talents of the inhabitants, of the warmth of their imagination, and the gaiety of their temper. I believe them to be like all other Campanians, rather fonder of pleasure, and more careless of fame, than is consistent either with their interest or real happiness; but they are free from many destructive passions which disturb the natives of more active cities. They are neither the

slaves of ambition nor of avarice: they enjoy, perhaps too eagerly, the advantages lavished on them by nature; but these they are willing to participate with others: they receive strangers with cordial hospitality, and have few enemies amidst the neighbouring cities.

Manlius, who had indeed brought me hither for that purpose, was very desirous I should be present at a theatrical representation, which the Neapolitans had prepared on account of a solemn feast. I at first declined to comply with his request, because I would not delay my departure; but the weather proving unfavourable, I was obliged to yield, and should have been highly gratified if my mind had been more at ease. The theatre is magnificent, and the music excellent: the drama was the PROMETHEUS of Eschylus: this bold and interesting composition was assisted by the uncommon merit of the performers, and by all the illusion of scenery, decoration, and machinery. I do not believe that any poem ever breathed more forcibly the spirit of independence, or that liberty of principle ever approached nearer to seditious turbulence: there are some passages which made so dreadful an impression on me, that I was more than once tempted to leave the theatre. The sight of a

hero, exiled and tormented by Jupiter for having studied the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and endeavoured to free them from the sufferings inflicted by despotism, bore so strong a resemblance to the image, which is for ever present to my thoughts, that I felt the most painful and oppressive sensations. What a powerful effect has poetry when it coincides with our ruling passions! It excites them to all the vehemence of enthusiasm, and makes us greater than mortals, or more desperate than madmen. I was obliged to use every effort to moderate my sensations, and would have given millions never to have entered the theatre. Torquatus observed my emotion, and, as it was early, proposed our taking a ride to Herculaneum.* This city abounds with elegant buildings, and is delightfully situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. The inhabitants live in opulence and splendor, and many artists are employed to adorn their habitations. We went to the house of Nonius Balbus, where I saw an interesting bust of Plato,† and two excellent

* This city, destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and discovered in the present century, is too well known to require a description.

† Bust and statues, in the King's Museum at Portici.

statues of a Fawn and a Mercury seated: Manlius intends the latter as a present for one of the temples. Devotion, or rather superstition, prevails over all this country; and since the Egyptian divinities have been worshipped in the cities, there is scarcely a folly or a vice which has not been consecrated by public adoration. Manlius remarks, that magnificent gifts are offered to these divinities, in the same belief as the Latins* formerly entertained of Jupiter, when they besought him to defend them against the tyranny of Mezentius, if he expected they should bestow the first fruits on him, and not be compelled, like the Rutulians, to offer them to the sovereign. It is certain that the devotion of these people cannot be much enlightened, while they suppose that morality is not included in religion. Manlius is justly prejudiced against Isis, Serapis, and Anubis; he never sees the Systrum, or the key of the Nile, without recollecting the flight of Cleopatra, and the ruin of his unfortunate commander. We stayed last night at Herculaneum, and this morning visited Pompeia,† a small but not unpleasing town, which, like the former,

* Fragment of Cato.

† Pompeia met with the same fate as Herculaneum, well known by Sir William Hamilton's description.

acknowledges Alcides for its founder. At this place is a strong detachment of the legion appointed to serve on board the fleet: and in the neighbourhood are country-seats belonging to many of our patricians. Hence we went to Stabia,* the ancient capital of the Oscans, afterwards possessed by the Samnites, near the delightful banks of the Sarnus. The coolness of the breezes, the mountains that shade the city from the burning heats of the south, with the groves and woods that surround it, make the situation peculiarly eligible for summer. The Cæsarian family have here a magnificent villa, with extensive and beautiful gardens: at a small distance are three mineral streams, which have their sources close to each other, yet are different in their qualities; and very near them is a fountain of the purest water. The same particularity is to be observed in the ground: the chain of mountains extending along the coast, bears no marks of the vulcanic materials that appear in Vesuvius; and at the foot of the latter, in the bay opposite to Stabia, rises a small

* An ancient city, near Castellamare, where his Sicilian Majesty has a palace delightfully situated. Stabia is mentioned by Strabo, and several ancient authors.

island,* or rather a rock, of picturesque appearance, the formation of which is said to be totally different.

On our return, we ascended the fertile Vesuvius, and enjoyed a most noble view of the adjacent country, and of the beautiful gulph of Parthenope, the setting sun greatly adding to the beauty of the prospect. We perceived an infinite number of flourishing cities, amongst which I distinguished Nola, where the great Marcellus first opposed with success the conquering arms of Hannibal, and stood forth the deliverer of his country; Nola, where Augustus breathed his last, and left as an inheritance to his adoptive son the empire of the world. I did not feel myself disposed to applaud the last scene of this important actor, but impatiently returned to Naples, in hope of embarking for Sicily.

I found a light and well armed vessel in readiness, and am assured by Torquatus that during the night a favourable wind will spring up, and permit my departure. I hope to see him at some happier period, when my mind will be more tranquil, to thank him for his kindness. Fare-

* Rovigliano, in the bay of Castellamare. It is composed of lime-stone.

well, my friend, I shall write to you as soon as I have any pleasing intelligence to communicate—perhaps sooner—for Heaven knows how I may succeed in my wishes!

LETTER LVII.

I OMITTED writing to you, my friend, on my arrival at Messana, and have since deferred from day to day informing you of my proceedings, since all my search has hitherto been fruitless. I have made the most diligent enquiry throughout Sicily, and have been assisted by the prætor, and by every Roman of note. A gloomy despair begins now to overwhelm me, and my future life seems at least condemned to dreadful uncertainty, to a state, the wretchedness of which cannot be denied even by the thoughtless, nor alleviated by the philosopher. Your letter, which I have received in this island, enjoins me not to despond, though you acknowledge the little probability of my obtaining any information at Baiæ. Alas! I know not whether it was hope of success, or fond attachment to the beloved spot, that conducted me thither. After the departure of a much valued friend, we cannot refuse ourselves the melancholy satisfaction of indulging our grief in the places which he

inhabited, or where we bade him adieu; but it was natural I should repair to Baiæ, as the last place from which any account had been received of my uncle. The death of the slave, who accompanied him during the first day's journey, is indeed unfortunate; yet what more could he have told me than he had related to the freedman? That Valerius should take so singular, and apparently so sudden a resolution, is contrary to reason; but, on the other hand, the intelligence which you gained from the Illyrian appears to be decisive. The weather, you say, was fair, the vessel near Messana, and no prospect of danger—what can I suppose? Has he changed his place of retreat? Some of the inhabitants must have known that he was here. Did he pass through the streight, and embark on the coast of Calabria, or on one of the neighbouring islands? This is declared to be impossible, an exact register being kept of all the ships that sail between Rhegium and Messana, with the passengers they contain, which register I have examined, but all in vain. I know not whither to direct my course —and yet I never will relinquish the pursuit.

O! had Valerius received the news that I was still living, he would not have fled from my filial embraces—but surely his flight was not volun-

tary, though it seems certain that no emissaries from Tiberius, no friend of Sejanus appeared at the time of his departure. Forgive me, Septimius, my ideas are disordered; my imagination wanders from conjecture to conjecture; if some pitying power does not soon extricate me from this state of cruel perplexity, it is impossible I should retain my reason.

Sometimes, in distraction, I think of flying to Rome, entering the apartments of Tiberius, and forcing him, by my just fury, to lay aside the mask of dissimulation, and declare—declare what? I have no evidence that he has acted treacherously by Valerius; and, indeed, it is scarcely probable—must I add to my calamity the guilt of unjust suspicions!

Septimius, assist me, counsel me, save me from despair!

LETTER LVIII.

THE guilty secret is disclosed—O Septimius! my suspicions were not unjust; but I trust the crime has not been completed. Thanks to the immortal Ruler of the universe, I may still hope that Valerius lives; and while the winds are cruelly adverse to my impatience, I have time to inform you of what I have learned, and of the uncommon kindness, the benevolent friendship to which I owe this important intelligence.

Soon after I had dispatched my last letter, I returned to Messana, reiterated my enquiries, which ended, as before, in disappointment, and gave myself up to despondency. I avoided society, and became insensible of hope or consolation. In this condition I was surprised by my servant, announcing a stranger, who earnestly desired to be admitted. The name of stranger awakened in me curiosity and expectation; I went out to meet him, and found myself in the arms of Sigismar. The affliction in which I was plunged gave way for a moment to joy and asto-

nishment; but I was soon reminded of Valerius by the generous youth, who informed me, that he had purposely left Germany to communicate to me some circumstances which he had discovered relative to the fate of my uncle; that, on his arrival at Rome, he had heard from Manfred I was departed for Campania, and by unwearied diligence he had traced me hither. I should in vain attempt to describe my surprise, or to tell the thanks which I expressed, and the anxious impatience with which I conjured him to lose no time in relating all he had so unexpectedly learned: I could have fallen at his feet and worshipped him as my guardian genius.

The excellent youth first acquainted me that he was reconciled to Arminius, who having discovered some new treachery of Philocles, had been induced to make enquiries into the conduct of the generous Cariovaldas, in consequence of which he had restored his possessions to Sigismar. One day, while Sigismar was hunting with the chief, they found in a cavern three wretches, who by their habit appeared to be strangers, emaciated with hunger, and almost lifeless with cold. Their state excited compassion in the chiefs, and every means being used to revive them, they began to recover, and were found to

speak the Latin language. This excited still more the pity of Sigismar, he enquired into their history, and received for answer that they were slaves, and had fled from their master, who was a Roman. He asked them from what part they had made their escape, to which they replied with the irresolution and unwillingness of conscious guilt. Arminius suspected they were spies, and would have put them to the torture; but they were intimidated by the preparation, and immediately confessed that they had been accessary to the crimes of Sejanus, but not concerned in any attempt against the Germans. This did not satisfy Arminius; he repeated his menaces, and they acknowledged that, with two others of their companions, one of whom was the director in their infamous design, they had been employed to convey secretly into exile a distinguished and noble senator of Rome, whose principles were offensive to the favourite; that in the service of this senator, they had experienced every blessing except liberty; but that enticed by the promise of wealth and freedom, they had acted in obedience to the command of Sejanus, whom they imagined to be interpreter of the will of Tiberius; and having reported at Rome the completion of their purpose,

were sent to perish in a remote part of the Tauric Chersonesus.* Being left to themselves in this miserable region, where their two companions died of famine, they penetrated through the country, and with inexpressible difficulty and labour arrived at the Danube, which they found frozen; and crossing it, they endeavoured to procure an asylum among the inhabitants of its borders, but were constantly repulsed, because their necessity had sometimes urged them to seize the cattle on their way. Thus driven from place to place, after innumerable hardships, they wandered into the forest, where they were discovered by my friend and his commander. Arminius having heard their story, ordered them to immediate execution, but Sigismar interceded for their lives, declaring that they had been sufficiently punished by their powerful employers, for a crime which their servile condition naturally exposed them to commit, if it did not render them excusable. Arminius then interrogated them on the affairs of Rome, and the family of Marcus Flaminius: they immediately confessed that it was my uncle, whom they had been induced to betray in the following manner.

The slave under whose direction they acted,

* Crim Tartary.

was a Syrian, named Rodias, who had long been employed to watch every action of Valerius; though, at the same time, they acknowledged his intelligence could afford no subject of complaint to Sejanus. They accompanied their master to Baiæ in the beginning of the former year, and Rodias, who was in constant correspondence with a freedman of the favourite, there heard from him the news of my return to the legions, and, at the same time, received orders to intercept all letters which might arrive for Valerius: with those orders a plan was sent, which they were to pursue in consequence of a resolution then formed by Sejanus, to remove my uncle from Italy, lest, with the additional strength which my appearance would add to his party, some scheme might be formed to oppose the despotic measures of the emperor and his adherents. This plan was arranged with consummate artifice, and put in execution on the evening my uncle had fixed for his departure for Naples. As it was late when he sat out, his conductors pretended to mistake their way, and being armed, they secured the other slaves who refused to be accomplices in the crime. They travelled all night, and their injured master, finding all resistance vain, resigned himself calmly to

his fate. During the day he was lodged in a house appointed by Sejanus, and they dispatched another of the servants, who was privy to the measure, with a feigned message from Valerius to give the false intelligence which I received from his freedman at Baiæ. The next night they pursued their way, observing the utmost secresy, and arriving at Brundusium, conducted their prisoner to the dwelling of a person devoted to the interests of Sejanus, who industriously spread the report that Valerius had departed for Greece. A ship was prepared, when the noble exile and his lovely daughter were by night conducted on board. After first steering for Dyrrachium, the pilot changed his course and directed his vessel towards Sicily, where, sending off a boat to the commanding officer at Messana, they shewed an imperial order for permitting them to pass without delay or examination, being charged with a commission for Sardinia.

With these precautions they proceeded, and at length set their prisoners on shore at Ericusa, the most distant of the Eolian* islands, with only two attendants, one of whom was a female slave belonging to Valeria. All that came in the

* Eolian islands, isole di Lipari.

vessel were thrown into the sea except the five perpetrators of this atrocious deed; and these afterwards received from their employers in some measure the punishment they deserved.

The slaves assured Sigismar that they had often repented of the crime; but, being once engaged in the service of Sejanus, they could not retreat: they seemed to see on one hand riches and freedom, to reward their services; and on the other, inevitable death to secure their silence.

Dreadful as this narration may appear, it has yet freed my imagination from apprehension that the insidious enemies of Valerius had put an end to his being. It is certain that they were actuated by that pusillanimity natural to corrupt minds, and took every measure to persuade the public that his departure was voluntary; fearing that, if they had destroyed him, his death could not long remain concealed or unpunished. They imagined that a crime of so black a die would excite such remorse in the perpetrators as neither threats nor promises could wholly stifle; and to this fear I undoubtedly owe the preservation of Valerius. It is probable they would not dare to embark on this side of Italy, as they could not have found a vessel for their purpose without first

acquainting Torquatus the commander in chief, whom they knew to be the intimate friend of Valerius. The intelligence of your Illyrian is now confirmed; but had he not personally recognised my uncle, it is likely he would have been deceived by the same account which was given to the officer at Messana.

To return to the gallant Sigismar, for whose fate I had so long been anxious, I know not how sufficiently to acknowledge my sense of his kindness.

"The secret," said he, "appeared to me too important for epistolary communication, or for any ear but yours; my reason told me it was necessary to depart immediately for Rome, and my heart rejoiced at this opportunity of seeing my friend."

I conjured Sigismar, as he was now thus happily restored to me after so long and painful an absence, never to leave me more; and entreated him to accept of a villa, which I possess at Tibur, and which, though not spacious, is enclosed by lands susceptible of improvement, and sufficiently extensive to satisfy his desires. Sigismar, however, persists in his intention of returning to Arminius, though from what I can collect by his silence on many particulars, rather than from his

conversation, it appears that since the defeat* of the Germans, who are now divided by intestine discord, Arminius seems to have formed some ambitious schemes, which may end in an attempt to make himself the sovereign of Germany. Should this be true, the sentiments of Sigismar are so well known to me, that I am assured he will never be accessary to any designs that tend to subvert the liberty of his country. The true spirit of patriotism can alone detach him from Arminius, since the injustice which he has experienced from him has never prevailed upon the virtuous Cheruscan to swerve from his fidelity. When I expressed my indignation at the protection granted to Philocles, and the consequences that resulted from it, Sigismar replied, "You must consider, my friend, that a prince and a leader ought to administer justice impartially; and Arminius could not, consistent with his duty, have suffered a kindness for me to lead him into a blind belief of all I had related: you are not ignorant of the plausibility and talents of Philocles; even you were once deceived by him. Arminius attended to his declaration, which, it must be confessed, had all but truth to recom-

* Tacitus, Book 2.

mend it: he was sensible of the advantages he might reap from the knowledge and counsels of a man, who had seen and studied more than any individual of our nation. It was very natural Arminius should be deluded by his subtilty, but he has made ample amends by publicly declaring that my father was the friend of his country, and unjustly sacrificed. I never thought myself personally injured, but when he deprived me of the honour of being one of his companions. In this station he now offers to replace me, but I am doubtful whether I shall accept of it: the war is over, at least that which we waged against the enemies of our country: I have no desire for distinctions, when I can no longer deserve them: my reputation is independent of the favour of Arminius, though my attachment to him cannot end but with my life, or with his zeal for the real good of Germany."

LETTER LIX.

I BROKE off abruptly, my dear Septimius, the last time I was writing to you, as the wind suddenly changed and favoured our departure for the Eolian islands. The sea, alas! has once more deceived my hopes: we were obliged to make for Lipare, and I can scarcely flatter myself that the weather will allow me this evening to pursue my voyage to Ericusa. The delay distracts me, and had it not been for the prudence of Sigismar, who, in compliance with the entreaties of the mariners, prevailed on me to desist from my purpose of braving the storm, we should perhaps have been driven out to sea by a tempest which baffled all the skill of our seamen. This generous youth is resolved not to leave me till I have met Valerius; and his presence is essentially useful to compose my agitated mind.

You will readily conclude that I have not neglected an enquiry after Bertha and Vercennis. Sigismar is become the happy husband of the

former, though he frankly acknowledges that when he first returned to his native plains, he found her immersed in grief for my departure. He attributes his success to the esteem she conceived for him, in consequence of his friendship for Flaminius, and he imputed no blame to her for an unfortunate and innocent attachment. He shared her sorrows, and soothed them by his sympathetic attention, till his many amiable qualities at length met with the reward they deserved: his affection was returned, and the union of Sigismar and Bertha forms the felicity of Vercennis, and they have an infant son, born a few days before his departure for Rome. How great must be the sensibility of his friendship and the benevolence of his heart, that could influence him to forsake such domestic ties, and seek a distant and hostile land, to inform me of the fate of Valerius!

On enquiring more nearly into the reasons for which Philocles has been dismissed from the society of Arminius, I have learned that a clandestine correspondence was discovered between him and some of the allied princes, who are either jealous of the power of the Cheruscan leader, or fearful lest their liberties should be sacrificed to his ambition. The Grecian is now

with Maroboduus,* the chief enemy of Arminius: he is supposed to be the principal cause of the defection of Ingomar, who formerly abandoned the Romans to join his nephew, and now has left him, to court the favour of those who are in opposition to his interest. It appears that Philocles has artfully inflamed the pride of Ingomar, and taught him to scorn obedience to a young commander, with whom he is so nearly connected. Such is the constant and treacherous duplicity of the Grecian, that men of this consummate depravity seem permitted to exist, that mankind may by experience be disgusted with artful plans and wily resources. From the repugnance I have always felt at the sight of a deserter, and the horror I have conceived for a wretch, who offers to betray the man in whose councils he once shared, I should think that none would ever confide in such characters. A secret impulse should impel us to shun them, even before we reflect that we may be the next victims of their artifice.

Nothing can be more awful than the appearance of this island.† As we approached, we

* Tacitus, Book 2.

† The volcano of Lipare is mentioned by many ancient

contemplated the waves that reflected a sanguine colour from the fiery torrents that roll down the side of the mountain. The moon, half concealed by clouds, appeared of a pale and sickly red; while the frequent explosions, accompanied by wreaths of smoke, cast alternately on the tide a dazzling splendor and a gloomy darkness. As we came on shore, the earth shook under us, a subterranean thunder rolled in the hollow cavities of the island, a rain of sulphureous stones fell round us, or plunged hissing into the sea. Sigismar was not terrified, but he was struck with admiration and astonishment; and at length exclaimed—" Is this the beauteous Hesperia? Thanks to bounteous Nature! she has dispensed her favours with a less partial hand than I once imagined!"

This is the only time I ever heard from Sigismar an expression, which has not denoted universal benevolence, and could not help observing it. " My friend," said I, " what advantage could your countrymen reap from the consciousness that, while they are exposed to the rigour of frost and snow, the natives of this island are

authors, and was not extinct till long after the date of these letters.

in danger of conflagration? The miseries of others can surely be no alleviation of their sufferings."

"Mistak me not," replied he with unusual warmth; "Heaven is my witness, I have no joy in discovering the misfortunes of these regions; but I exult in every event that frees me from error or prejudice. I have always thought our brave Cheruscans were condemned by their situation to peculiar hardships, while the fortunate Italian enjoyed uninterrupted blessings: I have sometimes envied their advantages, not for myself, but for the wretches who toiled in our fields, or stood motionless to guard our intrenchments. With the privileges you were supposed to possess, I could scarcely consider you as our brethren; you appeared to me like beings exempted from the miseries of human kind; I shall henceforth be more just, and my pity will be more extensive."

We strayed far into the interior part of the country, and found it wonderfully fertile, wherever the volcano has not lately extended its ravages. It is not possible to visit these islands without recalling to mind the fictions of the poets, which are manifest embellishments of physical as well as historical truths. With very little as-

sistance from imagination, we may hear the resounding hammer of Vulcan, and the boiling of the metallic fluids, which are to compose the armour of the gods. When I observed in Sicily the gentle stream of Acis flowing from beneath a rock, which appears to have been flung by the hand of a giant, I traced the image back to its source, and was no longer surprised at the bold ideas which placed the Cyclops on these shores, and interpreted the tremendous force of inflammatory matter as the jealous fury of an enraged minister of the God of fire. Poetic wonders can thus be naturally explained; and I begin to find nothing wholly fictitious, except the sophistry of pretended philosophers, and the sceptic reasonings of those who would destroy sensibility by phrases, and make virtue dependent on self-love.

We have past the night in expectation of the tempest abating; but the return of day has not cleared the prospect. The natives of this country are hardy, industrious, and active; their features are regular, and full of expression; their figure manly and graceful. We have experienced great hospitality from the principal citizens, of whom I enquired whether there re-

mained any descendents of the good Timasitheus,* who ruled their island at the time when our legates, being deputed to offer at the shrine of Apollo the golden cup, vowed by Camillus during the Veian war, and purchased with the ornaments presented by the Roman ladies, were taken by the pirates of Lipare, and so generously set at liberty by their governor. You have read that he not only lodged them at the public expense, but escorted them with his fleet to Delphos, and afterwards reconducted them in safety to Rome. His family is extinct; but the tablet, given by a decree of the senate to entitle him to all the privileges of hospitality, and the presents which accompanied it, are carefully preserved by the Liparensians in their public treasury. They were highly delighted at hearing that I was the son of a Valeria; they knew that one of the family was at the head of this celebrated embassy, and they earnestly requested that I would take their island under my protection. I could not refuse to comply with the request, and was greatly affected to perceive their reverence for the Valerian name; whilst the best and noblest Roman of that name, de-

* Livy, Book 5.

prived of his honours, and secluded from human intercourse, remained unremembered by that country which he defended, and oppressed by that prince whom he never injured.

LETTER LX.

AT length, my friend, I have reached the hallowed ground where Valerius triumphs over the caprice of fortune, and the injustice of man. At length I am restored to his parental arms! What words can describe our meeting! What colours can paint the heroic firmness with which he ennobles misfortune!

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Ericusa; the winds were hushed, and the tremulous light of the moon glittered on the surface of the water, while a few trees, scattered along the coast, intercepted its rays, and cast long shadows on the plain. I sprung impatiently on shore before our galley had touched it, and walked hastily towards a light which appeared at a small distance: Sigismar followed me, and we discovered that the light proceeded from the door of a hovel, to which we directed our steps: we there found nets, lines, and other implements of fishing: a woman, with a child sleeping beside her, was employed in spinning, and seemed

greatly astonished at our appearance. We asked her to shew us the way to the dwelling of Titus Valerius; she looked stedfastly on me for some time without reply. I was alarmed, and repeated the request with agitation: she then said, that such person was unknown to her; but that, if we were in distress and wanted assistance, there was, not far remote, a habitation, rather larger than hers, where dwelt a Roman with his daughter, who passed their days in succouring the needy, visiting the sick, instructing the youth, and settling the differences between the few inhabitants of the island. I wanted no further proof that this beneficent Roman must be Valerius. I desired that she would accompany us to the place; but she said that it was unnecessary, as the path lay strait before us, and we could not mistake our way. I waited for nothing more, but rather flew than walked towards the place to which she pointed, where I soon perceived a cottage surrounded with trees, and could scarcely believe that so humble a dwelling should be inhabited by one of the first of Rome's patricians—by a descendent of the Valerii. My heart was full—I stood to compose myself, and had not power to advance. Sigismar felt for me: he pressed my hand, and said, "Marcus! your

uncle lives—how great would be my transport if it were possible that I could find Cariovalda living, even in the most miserable cavern; but, alas! he is gone for ever!—recollect yourself, my friend; have you not often declared that true greatness does not consist in exterior circumstances?"

"It is true, Sigismar," answered I; "and my heart tells me that I shall find Valerius still greater in yon cottage, than in the lofty mansions where I last embraced him."

This reflection, in some measure, restoring me to myself, I began to consider in what manner I should discover my arrival to my uncle. Though I knew his mind superior to the shocks of misfortune, I was not certain but the sudden appearance of a beloved nephew, whom he honoured with parental affection, and whom he had long lamented as slain, might produce an excess of joy and surprise that would suspend his faculties, and shake that firmness which had ever distinguished his character.

As I was absorbed in these reflections, and slowly moving towards the cottage, I perceived a female figure dressed in white, seated under one of the trees; the moon shone directly on the place, and the serenity that was visible in her

countenance, the graceful majesty and decent composure of her appearance, the radiancy of her eyes, all convinced me it could be no other than Valeria. You have seen her, my friend, and it is needless to describe the impression she made on me: we advanced rather too abruptly; she was greatly alarmed, and when we enquired for Valerius, she trembled and turned pale, imagining we were come with some fatal order from Tiberius. While I was pierced to the soul at her mistaken terrors, she fell on her knees, implored our pity, and conjured us to spare him. In vain I attempted to speak—Sigismar observed my disorder, and informed her that I was Marcus Flaminius, who had been saved from the slaughter of Teutoburgium; but it was some time before she gave credit to his words: at length, when she had sufficiently recovered herself to turn her eyes on me, she looked as if desirous to trace in my features the truth of what she had heard. "Speak to me," said she, "assure me that you are Marcus." I know not how I answered; you, my friend, will conceive what must have been my agitation. Valeria then departed, with a signal for us to remain in the same place: in a few minutes she returned, and told me she had informed Valerius that a stranger was arrived

who could give him intelligence of his nephew. She entreated me that Sigismar might first accompany her to Valerius, and prepare him by a previous narrative to receive me. I consented; but no words can give an adequate idea of my impatience. I waited not long, before Valerius appeared, who alarmed at the agitation of Valeria, and the apparent confusion of Sigismar, had rushed forth to learn the cause: he ran to me, he pressed me to his bosom—but I will not wrong the scene by attempting to describe it. O Septimius! why were you not present to experience sensations worthy your generous, your feeling breast?

My uncle led me to his dwelling, where, as soon as I could collect myself, I presented to him my friend, the son of my benefactor. "This is the only time," exclaimed Valerius, "that I have regretted from any personal motive, the losses of fortune, and of my influence in the republic—How can I testify my sense of the greatest of all obligations?"

I looked round the humble habitation; Valerius smiled. "Marcus," said he, "Poplicola rendered more essential services to the state than I have ever had it in my power to do, and probably he was not more magnificently lodged."

It would be impossible to give you an account of our evening's conversation; you may imagine that Valerius commanded me to relate every thing that had occurred to me since our parting. His approbation of my conduct gives me a heart-felt satisfaction beyond all the pompous rewards I have received, even beyond the acclamations of my country. In him I venerate her majesty, united with whatever is dear and respected in nature. Valeria appears to me the most amiable of her sex.

My transport is too great to allow me repose; and yet it cannot be complete till I have communicated to Septimius the reward of my long anxieties. Though I do not mean at present to dispatch any servant from this island, I shall continue to write to the most excellent of friends.

The morning appears, and I am impatient to rejoin Valerius: how much have I to say to him! how much to learn!

LETTER LXI.

THIS morning, as soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, I accompanied Valerius to the sea shore, where seating ourselves on a rock, he explained to me the causes which he imagined had excited against him the enmity of Sejanus.

"I have," said he, "always treated the favourite with indifference. While Tiberius was at Rhodes, I had an opportunity of being useful to some of his friends who deserved my assistance: at his return he shewed an inclination to form an intimacy with me, and his mother often hinted that she desired to hear my opinion on various subjects concerning the republic. I constantly replied, that I gave my opinion in the senate; at the same time I carefully avoided making any connexion with Livia or her son: this you know, and may easily suppose the rest. When the commonwealth lost Augustus, I foresaw with regret that none but Tiberius would attempt to fill his place. It is true that a party might have been raised against him; but the

event was uncertain, and the republic would have been exposed to all the horrors of a civil war, which must sooner or later end in absolute monarchy, whatever title the conqueror might assume. Germanicus, the only person of the Julian family whose virtues made his government desirable, could not without a crime have dispossessed his adoptive father; nothing therefore remained for good citizens but to endeavour, as far as possible, to curb the power of Tiberius, and to maintain the sacred reliques of our rights and privileges.

"In former times, when luxury, the chief corrupter of mankind, was scarcely known in our republic, ambition was directed towards the general good; or if any citizen, whose abilities were greater than his integrity, attempted to form a party, his views were soon discovered and defeated. As riches increased, the partisans of men of distinction grew into armies; the state was torn to pieces by the discordant interests of various leaders, each of whose revenues were equal, perhaps superior to those of a powerful monarch, and whose influence was considerably more extensive. Equality could no longer subsist; and the chimerical idea which a few enthusiasts, rather than true friends to liberty conceiv-

ed, that the ancient principles of government could be re-established in all their purity, when simplicity and frugality were lost, only served to engage the powerful to strengthen their forces and increase the means of seduction. To put in force the Agrarian laws, when the most leading men of the state are interested in opposing them, is certainly impracticable; and without an equal distribution of the goods of fortune, or at least without preventing too great a disparity, no perfect commonwealth can subsist. Brutus was perhaps one of these enthusiasts described, and the conduct of his associates is still less to be defended. It appears to me that Cæsar was necessitated to act as he did; for had he submitted to the demands of his opponents and dismissed his army, he must have been the passive assistant in establishing the sovereignty of Pompey. This was a part for which nature had not formed him: with the talents and virtues he possessed, had he lived in different times, he would have freed his country from the yoke of the Tarquins, he would have revenged on the Decemvirs the blood of Virginia, would have driven Hannibal out of Italy, and been satisfied with the honours spontaneously bestowed on him by his country: such was the conqueror of the Gauls, the pardoner of his

enemies! Augustus, by a long and peaceful administration, healed the wounds of civil discord; few acts of injustice were committed during his government, and internal peace diffused prosperity over our extensive dominions. The Roman name was respectable throughout all nations, and the shafts of misfortune seemed only directed against the family of the ruler: we were as fortunate as the degeneracy of our manners could reasonably permit us to hope. Tiberius, notwithstanding his profound dissimulation, has already convinced us that he aims at more absolute power than his predecessor ever desired. We should repel every innovation of despotism, at the same time that we preserve respect for his person; remembering that our aged bark requires a pilot, though we must not suffer this pilot to tyrannize over the mariners, nor drive the vessel on a rock. These are the maxims which I have ever pursued, and which constituted the motives of my opposition to the dictates of Sejanus. I was of opinion that the spirit of rivalry, among the heads of the republic, which disappeared under the superior power of Augustus, might break out afresh, in a more dangerous and more disgraceful manner, when fomented by an insidious favourite for his illicit and selfish purposes.

I wish to revive the pristine zeal of our nobles in defence of the laws of Rome, and of the empire of Tiberius: I can scarcely believe that even the most cruel, avaricious, and lawless prince, unless impelled by infatuation, can voluntarily seek the ruin of his country, with the interests of which his own are so nearly connected: but narrow-minded ministers, who have been raised, without desert, to wealth and power, who act merely for their private ends, may calumniate the prince to his people, and the nation to their sovereign; they may spread corruption and dissension till they involve both in mutual calamities. I have no personal enmity to Sejanus, though I despise his character, and fear, for the republic, the increase of his influence; but I contented myself with repulsing the vanity that urged his pretension to the hand of Valeria. I never opposed the promotion of any of his adherents to places by which the public safety was not endangered; yet I am sensible that my exile is owing to his artifices. I made no resistance—the sacrifice was not great to abandon a country where I must have been hourly a spectator of wrongs, which probably I should have in vain attempted to redress.

Whether fear or malice induced Sejanus to

choose for my retreat a neglected island, which has no communication with the continent; to place me in a habitation scarce defended from the inclemency of the seasons, and to allow for my subsistence only rocky ground, cultivated by two or three slaves, whom he, perhaps, commanded to watch my motions, but whom I have converted into useful and industrious beings, all this, my dear Marcus, is totally indifferent to me; and such is the tenderness of Valeria for her father, that she has acquired sufficient magnanimity to relinquish, without a sigh, the gay prospects that opened to her blooming years. I boast of no stoicism; I love to enjoy and communicate the gifts of fortune; I regret my friends, and sometimes lament that I am useless to my country; but I am conscious of having acted uprightly, of having done my duty; and neither desire of revenge, nor repining at destiny, disturbs my repose. One grief alone hung like a weight on my existence. Often, in solitude and silence, the image of Marcus presented itself to my imagination, and even that grief was stilled, though not effaced, by my love for Rome, in whose cause you bled. Whatever is now my

fate, Valeria will find in you a friend and protector."

I was about to speak, but he prevented me by proceeding; "I know, my son, that you would wish to restore me to my former situation; but supplications would neither be consistent with your spirit, nor with my character. These I am certain you would disdain: every attempt to excite the minds of the Romans against their prince is abhorrent to my nature, and I would not accept of liberty on such terms. Time may change the face of affairs, and may give me the means of returning with honour: in the mean while I charge you, by your filial affection, and by the services you have done your country, never to be led astray by private resentment. Reflect how many have become guilty of irreparable crimes by engaging too warmly in a cause which was just in the beginning. I need not warn you never to be seduced by a false ambition to court the favour of any man, however powerful: or, when the laws of your country forbid, implicitly obey the dictates of any prince, even were he endowed with the virtues of a Germanicus. Believe me, Marcus, the best of men,

when trusted with sovereignty, are liable to commit injustice, from the very benevolence and humanity of their dispositions. Strict impartiality in this world can only be found on tables of bronze, or of marble."

I represented to Valerius, that whatever might be his fate, I was determined to share it; that henceforth all my wishes centered in the desire of never being separated from him and Valeria, unless I could once more be so fortunate as to employ my arms in the service of my country; but that peace would be a stranger to my breast, while the injuries he received from Sejanus remained unpunished.

"Sejanus," resumed he, "had not power to injure me; my fame, nay my happiness, has constantly been independent of his malice; and the vain stratagems he has employed deserve from Marcus no other punishment than contempt. True greatness, my son, consists no less in being superior to persecutions of this nature, than to the ills they may have occasioned. I must esteem a man before I would resent his ill conduct. Leave Sejanus to the certain, though perhaps tardy, vengeance of the public, and think only how you are to maintain, with unshaken dig-

nity, the character of a Roman; when at Rome, regardless of the insidious favours of the great, and of the seditious applauses of the people; and when engaged in foreign service, neither endangering the safety of your troops in the cause of your private ambition, nor sacrificing your laurels, and the splendor of our arms, to the fear of raising jealousy at home. But this exhortation is unnecessary; your warmth of disposition and love of glory require rather to be suppressed than excited; I charge you, therefore, to remember, that by strict moderation alone you can be essentially serviceable to the republic. To her you must dedicate your life: myself and Valeria are only to be secondary considerations; seclusion has not been my choice, but the circumstances which have led to it render it honourable, and not unpleasing to me. In you it would be criminal; you are destined for an active life, and the difficulties under which Rome now labours, afford you an ample field for the exercise of every virtue; especially in these unfortunate times, when public degeneracy, more than the Cæsarean fortune, menaces Rome with slavery. There have been many proofs of heroic fortitude, of patriotic zeal, equal if not superior

to what the most shining part of former annals can produce; and my prophetic hopes assure me that you will be conspicuous with the brightest of these examples."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of Valeria, and her presence prevented my reply. She was welcomed by her father with a sentiment of pleasure that diffused a glow of cheerfulness over his countenance.

Septimius, I have often formed in my imagination an idea which seems realized in Valeria. She has all the graces and instruction of polished life, with the candour and simplicity of the natives of uncorrupted regions. The ingenuous Bertha sometimes appeared childish; the elegant Aurelia has lost her attractions in affectation, and perhaps there was always some mixture of artifice in her character, over which my partiality had cast a veil; but never till now did I truly experience that sensation which the unfeeling calumniate, and the licentious profane. Do not accuse me of hastily giving way to the first impression: all I had heard of Valeria since my return from captivity, assured me that she was formed to make me happy; and the sight of this lovely maid has convinced me that I can-

not be so without her—but, alas! Septimius, I dare not trust the rapturous prospect which my imagination would create. Valerius is insulted and oppressed; he will not allow me to share his exile from the world; he has shewn me that it is incompatible with my duty; how can I restore him with honour to the senate? How can I prevail on him to consent to any steps that I may take to this effect? Should I acquiesce with him in the heroic firmness that makes him submit to his present situation, a supposition at which my nature revolts, must I disguise my thoughts whenever I would wish to visit him? and when should I not desire to fly to him for counsel, for encouragement, in every virtuous resolution? Could I bear to deprive him of the society of Valeria, who sheds a balm over the cares of life; whose filial attachment compensates the loss of every friend he once possessed? Would she consent to such a separation? Nay, could I support the idea that I was living in felicity and splendor, while my uncle, my protector, the most distinguished patrician of the republic, was plunged in neglect and indigence?

These are thoughts that damp all the ecstacy

I feel in being reunited to Valerius, and his too lovely daughter. Alas! my friend, are we to owe our misery to the most pleasing, the purest and most natural affections of the soul?

LETTER LXII.

I AM made unspeakably uneasy by a circumstance which, though inconsiderable in itself, may be productive of fatal consequences. The Sicilian slave, who was recommended to me by Germanicus, made his escape three nights since in the boat of the poor fisherman, whose hut we entered when we first disembarked on the island. He compelled the owner to accompany him, as we learned by the return of the fisherman this morning, who seemed confused and penitent: he confessed that he had been terrified by the menaces of the slave, who came to him during the night, accompanied by another of my people, and forced him to convey them to the island of Lipare. The wife was likewise constrained to enter the boat with them, in order to prevent enquiry; and when we knew next morning of their departure, we had no means of pursuing them in time, my vessel being anchored off the opposite coast of Ericusa, where there is a safer harbour. The fisherman, who never be-

fore made so long a voyage, relates that the Sicilian slave had a vessel prepared at Lipare, in which he immediately set sail for the continent, pretending that he was dispatched by me.

Valerius is willing to suppose that these slaves had no other motive for departure than the recovery of their liberty; but my anxiety is great, and from all circumstances I am convinced that we have every thing to fear for the safety of my uncle, when once his enemies perceive that their villainy is discovered. I reproach myself for not having taken the necessary precautions to prevent such a misfortune; but I find myself incapable of guarding against the complicated schemes of artful dissimulation. Were I the only victim, life would not be worth the attention requisite to investigate the plots of such men: but that my arrival should be fatal to Valerius! I cannot support the thought. O Septimius! some artful means must have been practised to engage Germanicus to place this Sicilian in my family; and yet it might be imagined that this excellent prince, who is continually the object of treacherous enmity, would have mistrusted some perfidy. I am certain that he could not intentionally have deceived me.

Cariovaldas spoke but too truly, when he said

that I should be condemned to a life of anxiety and perturbation. Amidst the wilds and deserts of Germany I was not surrounded by a race of beings ever ready to revolt by treachery against the state of subordination in which they live; yet it has been one of my constant studies to make that state as little felt as possible. Valerius laments with me that so large a portion of mankind should, by servile occupations, lose so much of the dignity of human nature, and that it becomes necessary to govern them with a strict severity, often more distressing to their rulers than to themselves. "Instruction," says he, "and intellectual pursuits unfortunately cannot be general, and they whose minds are unenlightened, may easily be corrupted and seduced. Modest and industrious simplicity should be the characteristic of the lower class of men; and we are in some measure to blame ourselves, or rather the universal empire of luxury, for the crimes they commit, in consequence of having been elevated to participate the pleasures of fortune, without having enjoyed its only true advantage, that of a liberal education. These reasons induce me to overlook the treachery of Rodias and his companions, and should lead you to pardon the Sicilian. The very situation in which such

men are placed will habituate them to a perpetual concealment of their passions and sentiments: and even those whom we instruct in letters and sciences, are still obliged to live for us and not for themselves."

In this manner does Valerius reason on all the moral and casual ills of life; his mind rises superior to their power, and enjoys perpetual serenity; like the summit of some lofty mountain unmoved by storms, while the thunder rolls beneath, and the sable clouds involve the lower world in darkness.

How far am I from having attained this exalted fortitude! and yet, Septimius, I am not anxious for myself. I intended to have passed some time in Ericusa; every thing attaches me to this spot, and while I yielded to the inexpressible transport of listening to the engaging converse of Valeria, and to the sublime philosophy of Titus, I found myself repaid for all my sufferings, and vainly hoped to fix in my unsettled mind some plan for my future conduct; but now every moment of my stay may increase the danger to which Valerius is exposed. I must tear myself hence to prevent the dreadful consequences which may arise from the

slave's discovery: I must leave the objects of my tenderest affection, that I may not lose them for ever—the winds at present oppose my departure.

LETTER LXIII.

THE northerly wind, which has blown some days with peculiar violence, impedes all navigation, and lengthens the pain of parting: my heart is torn by contrary emotions, and nothing but my fears for the safety of Valerius could make me wish to leave this island. When my imagination presents to me the misfortune that may ensue from the least delay, I fly with impatience to the sea shore, in hopes that I shall perceive some change in the winds; and yet when I observe a cloud that seems to portend an alteration, my heart involuntarily forms a momentary wish that I may be still detained. Sigismar omits no opportunity of assisting and consoling me; to him alone I dare communicate the whole of my anxiety. Valerius is undismayed in the midst of danger; and the sacred awe impressed on me by the contemplation of his fortitude, forbids me to express the least apprehension in his presence. Veleria has, in some measure, lost her fears in the confidence of her father;

or, perhaps, she conceals them from the same motive. Heaven forbid that I should awaken them! The study of my life would be to shield her from the rude blast of misfortune. O! that I could prevent her ever knowing sorrow!

We pass our days in the most interesting conversation, and every hour increases my admiration for Valerius. Speaking to him of the visit I had made to his villa at Baiæ, and the demonstrations of affection to him which I had witnessed in both the rich and indigent inhabitants of the place, he turned aside, and seemed to conceal a greater emotion than I ever saw before on his countenance. He changed the discourse to his library, which, he said, was the part of his possessions he the most regretted. "While I had the advantage," continued he, "of consulting at pleasure the sage who could enlighten me with the experience of ages, I conceived that such communication was essential to my existence; and when public affairs, or the inevitable interruptions of society, kept me two or three days absent from my silent preceptors, my imagination seemed languid, and my mind vacant. I am now accustomed to be deprived of such resources, and feel the advantage from

digesting more at leisure in my memory what I have formerly read; nay," added he, turning to Sigismar, who listens attentively to every word of Valerius, "when I consider the virtues, the judgment, the penetration and firmness in the character of your father, such as I am certain has been faithfully described by Marcus, I begin almost to entertain a doubt of the utility of books, and to suppose that curiosity, and the desire of knowing the thoughts and actions of the wise and good, are the principal incentives to reading: elegance of style, and the various arts of persuasion, which the study of eloquence imparts, are other considerations. But though Cariovaldas wanted no assistance from the philosopher, or the moralist, and practised all, nay more than they have taught, without having consulted their works; yet you, Sigismar, who have inherited his talents and his virtues, you, who would be an ornament to any country, are commendable for wishing to acquire the knowledge, which a series of ages has diffused over this part of the globe. It will give you advantages which no wise man should contemn: it will confirm you in the principles you have adopted, and will convince you of the truth

never too often repeated, that wisdom and virtue are but one."

Sigismar shed tears at the mention of his father. "O Valerius," exclaimed he, "since I have lost Cariovaldas, why cannot I remain with you, and bring up his descendants in imitation of his virtues and of yours."

I have been interrupted by the mariners, who inform me that the weather permits our departure. My troubled spirits scarce allow me to think—I must not wait. Septimius! my friend! how can I bid farewell to Valerius and his daughter? The east reddens with the approach of day—I cannot depart without seeing them.

LETTER LXIV.

I WRITE to you, my friend, from on board my galley. Sigismar reposes; our hardy rowers cut with measured strokes the liquid element; the pilot sings at the helm; I alone am wretched; my perturbation increases as I approach the shores of Italy; in vain I look back at the cluster of islands which are scarce visible on the horizon. What an immense space have a few hours interposed between me and happiness!

When I closed my last letter, in the utmost agitation, I found Valeria risen. She was walking slowly beneath the trees that shade the dwelling: I saw her stop, and with eyes full of tears, contemplate the unfurled sails of my galley. When she perceived me, she thanked me for hastening my departure, as she felt the necessity of my presence at Rome, and acknowledged that the flight of my slave had given her alarms, which she endeavoured to conceal before her father. Her filial affection, and the confidence she placed in me, overcame all my resolution, or

rather the little remains of fortitude, which I had attempted to collect, that I might be able to support the parting moment. Valerius found us in this situation; he embraced me; "My son," said he, "the only concern I have in this world, is the care of my honour, of Valeria, and yourself. I need not recommend to you the two first; but I charge you, by your love for me, by the tender and compassionate regard with which the unprotected state of my daughter inspires you, not to expose yourself rashly, nor to risk a life devoted to your country, in any service but that of Rome."

How can I obey him? What could I promise? I know not how I tore myself from his arms; long did I perceive him with Valeria on the beach; my eyes continued fixed to the spot, while they could distinguish the beloved objects: even now, while I am writing, they turn involuntarily towards that part of the horizon.

A cloudy vapour has involved the nearest of the islands—I am once more a solitary being in the wide universe—Why was I restored to the protector of my youth, to the parent whom I have ever loved with inexpressible fondness, and who is now more dear to me, far more dear, as the father of Valeria! Why did I enjoy a

gleam of transitory rapture? Why has death so often fled from my wishes?

The excellent Sigismar, whose gentle and beneficent disposition ever sympathises with my sufferings, has given up one of the greatest of enjoyments, that of repose and oblivion, to share the sorrows of his friend. Septimius, you will pardon the wild expressions of my despair; the wretch whose heart is lacerated with poignant affliction, looks on sleep and oblivion of care with longing eyes or with hopeless dejection.

I will rouse myself from this excess of grief; my resolution is settled, and whatever is the event, you shall be informed of it.

You will judge of the disorder of my mind by the incoherence so apparent in my writing. I fly to you, the most valued of friends, for consolation. Sometimes I start, as from a deep reverie; and though every instant transports me further from Ericusa, I impatiently enquire with what dispatch we proceed on our voyage.

We are now at a small distance from the Pontine islands, the place of banishment for many illustrious exiles, and particularly the wretched Julia: the sight of them increases my uneasiness. Sigismar, whose mind is free from those ideas that cloud in my imagination, the beauteous

appearance of nature in our once fortunate country, often stands motionless with pleasure and admiration. The benefit of cultivation excites no less his attention, than the charms of nature: fully convinced of the advantages of agriculture, he regrets that the institutions of the Cheruscans are adverse to this noblest and most harmless method of enriching a nation. The variegated fields of Campania attract his eyes far more than the sumptuous villas, whose terraces project into the sea.

He is lately become acquainted with the immortal Æneid; and traces, with enthusiasm, every spot celebrated by the poet. He would willingly have visited the grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, and has learned, with delight, that Misenum and Caïeta still retain the names given to them by the Trojan; but he is not dazzled by the splendid embellishments which Virgil has lavished on his hero. He considers him as an unjust invader, who robs Latinus of his power, and Turnus of Lavinia; but is greatly interested in the fate of this unhappy prince, and justifies the resentment of Amata. The only circumstance which in some measure reconciles him to Æneas, is his invariable piety towards Anchises. Had my mind been at ease, I should

have received infinite satisfaction from his remarks, which flow spontaneously from a heart, uncorrupted by irregular passion, fallacious prejudice, or pernicious example.

LETTER LXV.

WE met with a violent tempest off the promontory of Circe,* and my impatience nearly caused the destruction of my friend, and of our gallant seamen: they perceived the storm increasing, and urged me to return to Caïeta; but unwilling to hazard any delay, I prest them to continue their course, vainly hoping we could reach Ostia; but finding this impracticable, I proposed we should make the port of Antium.† The seamen used all their efforts to obey me, and Sigismar and myself gave what assistance we could; but having passed Astura, the surge threw us on the coast; the galley was shattered into a thousand pieces, many of our people were hurt, and hardly escaped with life. This accident constrains me to pass a night at Antium, where we arrived on foot after great labour and

* Now called Mount Circello.

† Porto d'Anzio, a small sea-port in the Pope's dominions.

fatigue. I have taken possession of your villa,* and have experienced much attention from your servants in succouring my poor seamen, whom I had almost sacrificed to my vehemence of temper.

I did not think it just that Sigismar should be deprived of the pleasure of visiting some of the wonders of art, with which the taste and magnificence of latter ages have crowded this city and its environs. I conducted him to the gardens of Mecænas, and shewed him the statue of Augustus, placed by that minister as presiding over the tepid fountain, which he destined to be, like that prince, for the good of the public. We then went to the elegant and simple dwelling of Pomponius Atticus, whose character I endeavoured to explain to my Cheruscan friend: for, at first, he did not seem inclined to think favourably of a man, who adhered to no decided opinion concerning the great events which determined the fate of his country; but when he heard that his universal kindness was not shewn during the prosperity, but in the adversity of

* The Septimii had a villa here: those of Mecænas, Atticus, Augustus, &c. are taken notice of by several ancient authors.

each successive party or individual, he attributed his conduct rather to general benevolence, than to moral indifference or insensibility. To me it appears impossible to know Atticus, without esteeming and loving him; but at the same time, a man of his disposition may not perhaps unjustly be considered as a private benefit and a public evil.

We afterwards saw the pompous mansion of Tiberius, who has rendered this villa much more splendid than I remember to have seen it when in the possession of Augustus. It was here this great man received the best of titles; it was here that he was saluted FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY: but the present state of the apartments declares that they rather belong to the master than the father. A profusion of gold and precious stones appears in every room; the walls and pavement are of the most costly marbles, and many statues have been added, amongst which I observed, with a mixture of admiration and disgust, a dying gladiator, in whom the pangs of dissolution are expressed with such truth, as can only please the artist, or the tyrant. How different is the expression of another statue in the same portico! It represents a combatant springing forward to attack an enemy on horseback; strength and

agility are in every limb, courage and dignity in the countenance, and with such animation as might infuse spirit into the coldest bosom. Sigismar was delighted, but not astonished at the sight of this figure; the perfection of art has so much of nature, that he who is unacquainted with the difficulty and progressive labour, by which such perfection is attained, will not be surprised at an excellence which only corresponds with his own ideas and observations.

We entered the temple of Fortune,* and here I had an opportunity of observing how easily my friend is induced to yield to reason and conviction. Having heard of this celebrated fane, and of its oracles delivered by the drawing of lots, he was strongly tempted to make the trial. I first enquired of him whether he really believed there existed any means by which it was possible to obtain a knowledge of the future, except by conjectures arising from a combination of past incidents: he seemed doubtful, confessed that he had never been firmly persuaded of the gift of human prescience, though few of his countrymen doubted of its truth, and the example of most nations confirmed them in their opinion.

* Horace, Ode 36, Book 1.

He acquiesced in my arguments against the benefit of foreseeing events, and consented to relinquish his first intentions, desiring to hear my opinion of the empire of Fortune in general. I represented to him the evident inconsistency of such belief in her power. "If fortune," said I, "distributed good and ill amongst the inhabitants of the earth, and the universe were governed by chance, our prayers would be of little avail to so capricious a Divinity, whose very name implies irregular casualty; but if, as we have every reason to suppose, an all-powerful, just, and merciful Being watches over us, and dispenses blessings and misfortunes, according to his wisdom and our deserts, it is to him we should direct our supplications, or rather, it is in him we should place our trust. The rest is superstitious error and idle curiosity; whatever events are to happen, it is our duty to meet them with intrepidity; and we could do no more, if by foreknowledge we were prepared for them."

Sigismar blushed, and confessed that solicitude for the future was generally inconsistent with true fortitude: he willingly quitted the temple, and we passed near the ruined monument erected to the memory of Coriolanus by

the Volscians, after murdering him for his tardy repentance of the injuries he had done his country. Sigismar contemplated the decayed structure with peculiar attention, and then turning to me, asked what we Romans thought of the man whose ashes lay there entombed. I answered, that we neither loved him as a friend, nor esteemed him as an enemy; that his resentment had corrupted his principles, and that his former virtues were effaced by the greatest of all crimes. Sigismar heaved a deep sigh, and pressing my hand, "Marcus!" said he, "the Romans are not the only men, who have a country, and who must not join her enemies."

It was now late, and we returned to your villa, where I met those of our mariners who had least suffered, and who had stopped on our way at the Temple of Neptune* to suspend at the shrine some reliques of our shipwreck. The shores reechoed with their acclamations, and they were impatient to tempt once more the faithless element, in a bark which your people had provided. But as there is no expectation that the sea will permit our departure this evening or to-morrow,

* In this place is a small town and fortress, with a palace, Pamfili, belonging to Prince Doria.

I shall continue my journey to Rome by land, and mean to set out at break of day. Farewell, Septimius, your servants have taken the charge of dispatching my letters to you—my next will inform you whether we are slaves or Romans.

LETTER LXVI.

SEPTIMIUS, I never concealed my intentions from you till in my last two letters. Accustomed to open all my heart to my friend, this concealment has given me uneasiness; and nothing but the fear of involving you in that ruin, which seemed to hang over our family, could have reduced me to such painful necessity.

I arrived at Rome early in the afternoon, and immediately went to the palace. The commander of the Prætorian guard, who was on duty, informed me the emperor had given orders that none should be admitted: I answered that the honour and safety of Tiberius were concerned in what I had to say; the officer perceived I was determined, and suffered me to pass. In the antichamber I found the usual crowd of freedmen and slaves of all denominations, who are suffered to enter while men of rank and independent citizens are excluded. I applied for immediate audience and obtained it, when Tiberius had been acquainted with the urgency of my

request: he received me with a countenance on which appeared a kind of smile, and commanded that we should be left to ourselves. I thus began:

"A Roman patrician, who has ever done his duty to his country, in the most distinguished manner, both in the field and senate, has been forcibly conveyed by his own slaves to a remote island, where he has been left near two years, in a state unworthy of the meanest of his dependants. He has been torn from his honours, his possessions, and his friends; three of these slaves yet survive, and accuse a more powerful, and more complicated villain, of being the first instigator of their crime, while this villain shields his guilt under the sacred name of Tiberius. Your honour is more interested than that of Valerius in clearing up this infamous transaction, and in restoring him to his former dignity: your safety is dependent on his."——

I expected to have found Tiberius embarrassed: he was calm, and I proceeded.

"Valerius has convinced me that in its present state of degeneracy, a chief is necessary to our republic: the unshaken love which he bears his country attaches him firmly to the man, whom the will of Providence, and no mean talents of his own, have placed in the highest sta-

tion which can be filled by a mortal. He venerates in you the majesty of Rome, and would defend your life as he would guard the capitol; but he may fall a victim to the treacherous designs of those, who are enemies to the state, and incapable of regard for Tiberius: with him may vanish all remaining loyalty to a prince who once declared he only accepted of sovereign power that he might be useful to his country. Valerius may perish—and Marcus Flaminius cannot be his avenger. He will not disobey his paternal injunctions. But the Roman fire is not extinct; it animates the breast of many heroes whose intrepid valour will crush the hydra of insidious politics, and with the tremendous arm of justice annihilate the murderers of the great descendant of Poplicola."

Tiberius changed colour, but his features were scarcely discomposed, and he soon wholly resumed the emperor.

"Marcus," said he, "I commend, and thank you for your zeal; I have already informed you of my sentiments in favour of Titus Valerius; you are not rashly to credit the testimony of a few guilty slaves, who seek to calumniate others as an excuse for their crime; nevertheless, enquiries shall be made, and due punishment in-

flicted on the guilty: in the mean time you will find that the principal cause of your complaint has been removed. I no sooner learned from my son, that the retreat of Valerius was involuntary, than I represented the affair to a senate, which I convoked on the occasion; I entreated the conscript fathers to depute two of their most honourable colleagues, Valerius Maximus and Messala Corvinus,* to conduct your uncle back to Rome. Four days are elapsed since their departure: they have taken the road of Puteoli, and are by this time embarked for the island of Ericusa, as I gave orders that Torquatus should supply them with vessels. If the wind is favourable, you may shortly expect to see Valerius and his daughter; and I hope you will for the future be less rash in your suspicions, and less precipitate in your proceedings. My esteem for your uncle, my consideration of your services, and the desire I entertain of being more nearly connected with men who prefer the good of their country to every other consideration, all engage me to banish from my remembrance the hasty

* The Maximi and Corvini were branches of the Valerian family.

and reprehensible manner in which you first addressed me."

I was struck mute with astonishment, my dear Septimius, but, I confess did not yield an implicit belief to the information that was given me; at least I conceived there must be some artifice concealed in a measure that seemed too generous for the disposition of Tiberius. Notwithstanding his censure of my temerity, I should have ventured at some interrogations, had I not been prevented by the entrance of several persons, who had waited for an audience, and whom the emperor ordered to appear as soon as he had answered me.

I immediately went to Germanicus, who, happily for my peace of mind, is not yet departed for Syria. He received me with inexpressible pleasure, felicitated me on the speedy return of Valerius; and removed all my doubts for the present, by assuring me that the deputation had been publicly sent, and that Drusus was the person who had persuaded the emperor to a measure so contrary to what might have been expected from the known influence of Sejanus, and the strong suspicions that appeared against him.

My satisfaction is not complete, and I made

no scruple of avowing to Germanicus, that however sensible I might be of the friendship of Drusus, I could not disguise my disapprobation of the means by which he must have acquired his information of the place to which Valerius had been banished.

Germanicus seemed tacitly to agree with me, and lamented that I should have reason to complain of the Sicilian, whom he had recommended: he recollected that Drusus had often employed him in commissions of little consequence, and praised his intelligence; but he convinced me clearly that he was far from approving the step which his brother had taken on this occasion, though he believed it to proceed from the zeal of friendship.

My first idea was to set out immediately for Campania in hopes of meeting Valerius, but Germanicus assures me that he is to be conducted by sea to Ostia: I must therefore wait with resignation, but it is impossible to describe what I feel.

I wished impatiently to have an explanation with Drusus; but, much to my mortification, I learned that he was gone on a hunting party into Sabina, and would be several days absent. His conduct displeases me greatly; it might have

been productive of the most fatal consequences, and I fear the motive is not merely generosity or friendship. Forgive me, Septimius, if I judge too hardly of your friend; I have no conception that noble actions are to be pursued by clandestine means; truth and honour love the day. My obligations to Drusus will embarrass me; for how can I be grateful when I disapprove of his proceeding, and yet how can I resent a measure that restores Valerius to dignity and peace?

LETTER LXVII.

To my former uneasiness, which, however absurd it may appear, is beyond my power to remove, may be added the pain I feel for Sigismar, who has not received any accounts of Bertha, or of his family, though he had given them instructions in what manner intelligence might be conveyed to him at Rome. They only are acquainted with the place to which his journey was directed, and even to them he did not communicate the motive of his sudden departure. At my return home last night I found him leaning against the pedestal which supports a bust of the unfortunate Demetrius.* You know with what tender regard we have always preserved this image of that too amiable prince, who was the victim of his attachment to the Romans, and of the malignant jealousy of an unworthy bro-

* Son of Philip, king of Macedon, brought as an hostage to Rome by Titus Flaminius, and much beloved there. Livy, Book 33.

ther. Sigismar had learned his story, and was greatly affected by it. "Unhappy youth," said he, "what must have been his feelings, when he was forced to leave this hospitable roof, and return to a country where, divided between the ties of nature and gratitude, he must either become hateful to his nearest connexions, or forgetful of his generous benefactors, with whom he died in the attempt to reconcile these opposite duties! Oh! my friend, how painful it is to renounce a happiness which springs from the purest source! How often must Demetrius have looked back to these sacred walls! How often, amidst the snares and persecutions which surrounded him, must he have called on the name of Quintius Flaminius, and supplicated the Gods to shower down blessings on the beloved mansion which he was doomed never more to behold."

Sigismar burst into tears as he pronounced these words, and soon after acquainted me with his intention of immediately returning into Germany. He leaves me to-morrow, and I cannot but reflect on the regret which I shall feel in bidding him farewell; but his distress is great, and I dare not detain him any longer.

I have received a letter from Drusus, in which

he endeavours to excuse himself for having made use of my attendant to learn that I had discovered the retreat of Valerius. He urges the necessity there was for an immediate application to the emperor, before Sejanus could have any knowledge of the circumstance; and adds that, when he returns, he will explain more fully his reasons; and, in the mean time, so earnestly entreats my forgiveness, with such apparent sincerity, as clearly evinces how much he is interested for the family of Valerius. Oh Septimius! never was I more perplexed: Drusus is the last man in Rome to whom I would have owed this obligation: it wounds me more than you can possibly conceive.

I have here found several of your letters, and thank you most sincerely for the kind solicitude with which they are written. I sometimes painully reflect on the constant disquietude which I communicate to you: my life has hitherto been a series of troubles, and they have obliged me to break through a maxim which I had adopted at a very early period of life, never to distress my friends by making them sharers of my grief. It is, perhaps, the most pardonable species of egotism, but still it bears the character of that disgusting weakness. A friendship, less gene-

rous and less constant than yours, would not so long have heard, with complacency, a succession of complaints; but had I not been without anxiety on your account, I should not have filled my letters with my own afflictions. Thank heaven; the virtues of my friend have been exempted from such trials! May no reverse in his fortune ever call from me a proof how deeply I should feel his sorrows. It is true, Septimius, that I could excuse myself by saying that not my own, but the calamities of those dearest to my heart have dictated my querulous epistles—yet are not those friends superior to misfortune, and is it not for my own sake that I am afflicted? Alas! I cannot separate myself from those I love: I exist only in them: all I have must be devoted to them, except my honour; and without that, I should not be worthy of their regard.

I am concerned to find that Germanicus* is going on the Syrian expedition without a friend in power whom he can trust; even Syllanus, who is allied to him, seems purposely removed to make way for Piso, who has inherited a settled hatred for the Cæsarian family from his father, who opposed Julius in Africa, and afterwards

* Tacitus, Book 2.

followed Brutus and Cassius. The son has that dark and malignant disposition, which is always inimical to the fortunate, and assumes the mask of disinterestedness and independence, to conceal jealousy and envy. His wife Placina, powerful from her riches and connexions, is too much a flatterer of Augusta not to be the enemy of Agrippina; and I foresee that all the plans of Germanicus will be counteracted, and all his intentions misrepresented. He sees but too clearly the designs of his enemies, yet continues inflexible in his resolution to obey the voice of duty.

I introduced Sigismar to him this morning, and nothing can exceed the demonstrations of esteem with which he received him. Soon after our entrance we were surprised with the voice of repeated acclamations,* and, on enquiry, found it proceeded from the Palatine library, where the lovers of literature were assembled to hear a new poetical composition. Germanicus proposed that we should increase the number of auditors, as Sigismar expressed the greatest curiosity to be present at a meeting of this nature. He was struck with the

* Pliny, Epistle 13, Book 1. speaking of the emperor Claudius.

magnificence of the portico, and the statues of the Belides,* placed alternately between the columns. The crowd was immense, and Germanicus repented of his proposal, when he discovered that the poet was celebrating his victories on the banks of the Visurgis. He is naturally averse to hear his own praises, and his delicacy was alarmed lest any expression might wound my Cheruscan friend: however, he considered that, by withdrawing himself abruptly, he would disturb the assembly, and mortify the poet; but, happily, this last had sufficient judgment to avoid in his composition those reflections on a vanquished enemy, which are not only illiberal in themselves, but injurious to the glory of the conqueror. The grammarian Apion,† who was present, joined warmly in the vociferous applause; but took notice, to those who stood round him, of many words and sentences which he condemned as improper, or negligent. Germanicus was displeased at a liberty which appeared to him injudicious, as it could not be authorised by critical knowledge. Apion, an Egyptian, can hardly be a competent judge of the elegance

* Ovid, Propertius, &c.
† Aulus Gellius, &c.

of our language; and I was myself disgusted at his censures, which were trivial and pedantic; but I could not help remarking to Cæsar, that such were the natural consequences of these assemblies. When Asinius Pollio* introduced the custom of reading literary performances in public, he gratified his own vanity, which seems to have been excessive; but experience must have convinced us, that he rendered little service to the learned world. Before these establishments were known, we had far greater poets than we can now boast. Virgil, Horace, and Varius, read their works to a few select friends, whose candour and judgment were unquestionable; they availed themselves of their criticism, and were not vain of their approbation. Though Pollio was amongst the number of their learned protectors, we know that they disapproved of his ideas in this respect, and foresaw the effects of them. Our present men of letters are applauded in public, and ridiculed in private. Misled by the acclamations, which they interpret as the voice of sincere approbation; they do not reflect that such literary meetings are too nu-

* Asinius Pollio introduced the custom. Seneca, Controv.

merous to be instructive, and that self-confidence is the only quality which they tend to inspire. After the poem was ended, Germanicus conducted Sigismar through the library, and shewed him the innumerable volumes that compose this interesting collection; a gift worthy of Augustus to the Roman people. The Cheruscan was astonished at the splendid appearance of the temple of Apollo, and the majestic beauty of the Pythian Divinity;* the graceful attitude, the flowing drapery, and the air of poetic inspiration, with which he strikes the lyre, made a singular impression on my friend. He observed on the harp a small figure of Marsyas, in basso-relief, and asked me why so great an artist as Scopas,† should have singled out the most unworthy triumph of Apollo for the decoration of so excellent a performance. I endeavoured to account for it as an emblem of severe justice, and as a warning against presumptuous vanity; and it is highly probable that some reason of this sort induced our ancestors to place, at the entrance of the Forum, a statue of the same

* Ovid, &c. A statue in this attitude, and with similar drapery, is to be seen at the Museum Pio Clementino, and has a Marsyas on the lyre.

† Pliny the Elder.

Marsyas,* which disgusts me whenever I pass that way.

Sigismar was pleased when we informed him that that sumptuous lustre,† representing a tree loaded with brilliant fruit, was taken by Alexander the Great at the siege of Thebes, and by him consecrated in a fane of the same Deity, to whom Augustus again dedicated it. We shewed him the place where the Sybilline books were deposited, the ivory doors, and other objects of curiosity, which attract the eyes of a stranger. Germanicus then led him into a large hall, which the desired him to observe with particular attention. "This place," said he, "once belonged to a man who fell with distinguished bravery in an unjust cause. This was part of the house of Catiline, since united to the Cæsarian habitation, and destined by Augustus for the noblest purpose. He had appointed Verrius Flaccus‡ to be the preceptor of his adoptive sons, Caius and Lucius; and as this learned and virtuous man would not abandon the other youths whom he had undertaken to educate, Augustus removed the

* Horace, and others.

† Pliny.

‡ See his life amongst the Grammarians.

master and his numerous scholars into this palace, giving them this hall for their literary studies. His sons were thus brought up with emulation and patriotism in the midst of their fellow citizens, whilst he presided over their studies, and himself instructed them in the use of arms, and other manly exercises. In this school was laid the basis of that education which rendered my father Drusus one of the greatest and best of men, and consequently to this I owe the inestimable advantage of his precepts and example.

As Germanicus was speaking, the respectable Verrius, who still inhabits the contiguous apartments, and preserves all the faculties of his mind at a very advanced age, walked through the hall leaning on the arm of two senators, who had formerly been his pupils. Germanicus accosted him with affectionate respect, and I was delighted that my friend should be witness of an incident that proves we are not totally degenerate. He saw the reverence paid to an aged and unambitious man, to the son of a freedman, whose talents were never employed to render himself illustrious, but to form honourable leaders, wise statesmen, and useful citizens for the commonwealth; who was contented that labour should be

his portion, whilst fame was that of his scholars; desiring no other reward than the success of his instructions; and who consecrated to the public good the just munificence of a prince, whose greatest merit was the power of distinguishing merit in others.

Sigismar was not insensible to the scene before him, and you will readily believe that he was transported with the manners and conversation of Germanicus.

"I am not surprised," said he to me, as we were leaving the palace, "at the many examples I have read in your history of marks of regard received by your generals from the enemies against whom they had fought. The Sicilians who chose Marcellus for their patron, the Macedonians and Spaniards who carried the bier of Paulus Emilius, and the various nations that wept over the funeral pyre of Julius Cæsar, paid only a due tribute to the generosity and benevolence with which they had been treated: in this I cannot but confess you superior to the rest of mankind."

In our way home, I conducted my friend through the Forums* of Augustus and Cæsar;

* A full description of them in Nardini, taken from ancient authors.

in the first I pointed out to him the principal heroes of our republic, and in the second I shewed him the equestrian statue of the man in whose person were united the talents, generosity, and valour of them all. Alas! why is perpetual dictator inscribed on the pedestal!

LETTER LXVIII.

A SINGULAR event detains Sigismar, and affords me the satisfaction of being useful to him. It had been reported for several days at Rome that legates were on their way from Germany, dispatched by Maroboduus and Ingomar; but the time of their arrival was uncertain, and it was by the greatest chance imaginable that my friend did not leave the city, without knowing how much he was interested in their embassy.

Yesterday, when I had finished writing, I reflected that he had not been at the field of Mars, and I accompanied him thither early in the afternoon.

After shewing him the elegant theatre of Marcellus,* the temple of Bellona,† and the

* Palazzo Savelli, belonging to the Orsini family; a great part of the ancient edifice remains entire.

† See Nardini. For the buildings of the Campus Martius, and the beauty of the place, see Strabo, Nardini, &c.

column from which our consuls throw the javelin as a declaration of war. I led him to the circus built by Caius Flaminius, whose memory I respect as much as that of my more fortunate ancestors, notwithstanding his contempt of omens, and his more serious defect of imprudent temerity. When a general dies bravely defending the lives of those committed to his care, and sustaining with his last breath the honour of his country, the inauspicious name of Thrasymene should not deprive him of the homage due to his virtues from his descendants.

My friend had not time to see the gardens and lake of Agrippa, the theatre of Pompey, nor the portico and grove where the young and thoughtless loiter away those hours which would be better employed in attending more diligently to the exercises of the field of Mars. Why these reflections? cries Septimius, have we not often wandered together amidst these scenes, and has not Marcus been the most unwilling to leave the walks of plane trees, notwithstanding his passion for the field? Would he not probably still frequent them, if his honour and his inclinations were not more warmly engaged in nobler pursuits? I confess it, my valued friend; the present agitation of my mind renders me inat-

tentive to many objects that formerly attracted my notice, or at least they now strike me in a different manner. I rather recall to my imagination the events to which they owe their celebrity, than feel any astonishment at the sight of the various beauties, with which art and nature have adorned these meadows, interspersed with temples, monuments, and villas.

I pointed out to Sigismar the tombs of Hirtius and Pansa; and that of Julia, daughter of Cæsar, one of the most amiable, and surely one of the most unfortunate of women, if the dead have any knowledge of the actions of their descendants.

The mausoleum of Augustus* peculiarly affected me; I was personally attached to him, and all that is related of his grief for the destruction of our army has endeared him to me more than ever. The charms of his conversation, the pleasing dignity and intelligent penetration that shone in his aspect, returned to my remembrance, and I could not avoid reflecting with horror on the early fate of all, except Germanicus, who shared his parental regard.—May the

* The remains of the mausoleum of Augustus are to be seen in the garden of Palazzo Correa: they serve as a theatre for bull-fights, fire-works, &c.

immortal Ruler of the universe long preserve the last from the baleful shade of these imperial cypresses!

Hence I conducted Sigismar to the temple of Neptune, and the splendid portico of the Argonauts.* Amongst the structures raised by Agrippa, there is none which, in my opinion, merits greater praise for the elegance of the columns, the beauty of the paintings, and the general magnificence of the ornaments, so well adapted to perpetuate the remembrance of his naval victories.

On our return we passed by the public villa, and while I acquainted my Cheruscan friend that it was the habitation allotted for ambassadors, we perceived some Germans standing round the gate. Curiosity prompted us to ask if the legates were arrived, when we received for answer, that they were hourly expected; and to our great astonishment we learned that they had brought with them the traitorous Philocles. This roused the indignation of Sigismar, and excited the same emotion in your friend. I immediately requested Germanicus to acquaint the emperor

* The columns and frise of the custom-house in Piazza di Pietra, are supposed to have been part of this portico.

with the crimes of which the Greek had been guilty, that he might be on his guard against a man with whom no negotiation could be safely conducted. But how much were our surprise and resentment increased, when we discovered that, among the hostages who accompanied the legates for pledges of the sincerity of the princes, Ingomar had sent the amiable Bertha as one of his nearest relations; and Vercennis, who would not abandon the wife of her son, has with his infant accompanied the embassy. Such proceeding is wholly unjustifiable on the part of Ingomar: for since the marriage of Bertha with Sigismar, her family has no right to dispose of her, and his absence alone has given them an opportunity of usurping to themselves so unlawful a power.

In the first transport of his joy, Sigismar forgot the affront that had been offered him in the person of his wife: he flew to embrace Vercennis and Bertha, and when he returned to me, seemed agitated by a mingled emotion of pleasure and resentment. I have this morning represented to our rulers the injustice of this transaction, demanding that the family of Sigismar should be exempted from the general laws relative to hostages; and have provisionally ob-

tained that they shall be permitted to reside with him in my villa at Tibur, which one of my freedmen has been sent to prepare for their reception; and to-morrow Sigismar will conduct them thither. The place is more congenial to his disposition than the pomp and tumult of Rome; and the principal motive for removing Vercennis and Bertha from the persons with whom they came, is to take them from the power of Philocles. This traitorous Greek carefully avoids to meet Sigismar; and I am persuaded his designs must be very deeply laid, or he would not have ventured to Rome at the hazard of finding me, and many others who are not unacquainted with his former life, and particularly with the secret intelligence which he kept up in the camp of Germanicus to the detriment of the Roman interests. The character of legate renders, for the present, his person inviolable, and he is too well inured to guilt to blush at detection.

The cause of this embassy is said to be the defeat of Maroboduus* by Arminius, who attacked him in a pitched battle, and, with his usual bravery, compelled him to fly into the territories of the Marcomanians.† Deserted by many of his

* Tacitus, Book ii. † Bohemians, &c.

troops and allies, Maroboduus implores the assistance of Rome against Arminius, whom he stiles the common enemy. The motive of this legation opens a new source of disquiet to Sigismar: attached firmly to his prince, he cannot support the thought that his family should have been involved in such a measure, and deplores the fate of his country, exposed to all the destructive consequences of a civil war, excited by the ambition and enmity of its most powerful sovereigns. He still believes that Arminius is willing to defend the liberty of Germany, for which he first took up arms; but appears to doubt whether the struggles of those who envy his successes, and oppose his passion for fame, may not at length urge him to assert his power by acts of despotism. He has written to the leader to clear the innocence of his family, compelled by Ignomar to join the embassy, and has requested his counsel in what manner to act in so delicate a situation.

The solicitude for my friend has, in some sort, employed my time and attention; yet the three days which I have passed at Rome, since my return from Ericusa, have appeared to me of immeasurable length, but a much longer period must elapse before I can hope for the arrival of Vale-

rius. My thoughts revert every instant to the happy hours that were spent with him and Valeria, while the images arising from such reflections supplant all other objects which once afforded me delight. Such is the painful effect of absence from those we love: it robs nature of every interesting charm, and art and science of every grace and utility; it destroys the efficacy of those resources which we should otherwise employ to cheer our solitude, because it usurps the empire of our mind, and leaves us scarce any attention to bestow on the common pursuits of life.

LETTER LXIX.

SIGISMAR is gone with his family to Tibur, surrounded by the persons who are most dear to him, and enjoys that serenity which, though denied to me, I rejoice to contemplate in another.

It has been my endeavour to observe your injunctions and to divert my thoughts from gloomy images, by an attention to works that speak at once to the heart and the imagination; and though this can at most be only a temporary relief, yet never will I neglect the counsels of my friend.

I have been to visit the painter Lysias, whom I employed, when I first arrived from Germany, to compose two historical pieces, which I intend as a present for the venerable king of the Trinobantians; as, at the time of our meeting, there was nothing in my possession worthy his acceptance. The subjects represented in these paintings will surely receive his approbation; the one

is Julius Cæsar, when very young, replacing the trophies of Marius, which had been thrown down by the reigning party of Sylla: the other, the same hero in his tent, giving orders that the riches and effects of those who had deserted from his camp, should be sent after them. Amongst the officers who stand near him, it was my desire that the figure of my grandfather should be faithfully taken from the excellent statue made of him during the Gallic war; and the painter has perfectly preserved his resemblance, as well as that of Cæsar. The pictures will soon be completed, and Lysias had my sincere thanks for the masterly and expressive manner in which he has executed my ideas. He was much pleased to find me sensible of the difficulty he had surmounted, in adopting a subject from the choice of another, and particularly of one who has no professional knowledge of the art. To this reason he principally imputes that inequality observable in the works of men of genius; for it is not to be expected that any one can command the imagination of another, whose talents must be directed by his own judgment, or they will lose a great portion of their efficacy. The mechanical part of this engaging study is little when compared with the soul that should animate every

figure, and which cannot be imparted if the ideas of the painter do not fully correspond with the nature of the subject.

Lysias has no want of this animation; he feels with all the warmth of poetic fancy, and enters into every character he wishes to delineate. He has now in hand several pictures designed after Homer; and has succeeded admirably in the first council and dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles. Both these heroes exhibit the characteristic touches which distinguish them from each other, and from the rest of the Grecians; but this perfection has not been attained without a nice examination into the whole of their conduct, as described by the poet. "It is not enough," says Lysias, "that a painter should consider with attention any particular action which his colours are to bring before the eyes; he must be acquainted with all the events relative to the persons who are to be actors in his piece, and with the manner in which they were affected by them: the same passions have more or less effect upon different men, and influence them in a very diversified manner. We must know what have been their sentiments and their behaviour on other occasions, before we can decide what impression any single circumstance could

make on them. On the countenance of the dying Hipparchus,* it may be enough to represent terror and indignation; but in that of Cæsar, we must denote the magnanimity of his character, by the fortitude with which he meets his fate, and by the look of generous contempt which he casts on the conspirators; and if the painter can add to these the glance directed at Brutus, he may truly be esteemed a great, a superior artist!

"Few poets have afforded such ample matter for instruction to a painter as Homer. Considered in a moral sense, his Agamemnon and Achilles are faulty; but they are perfect, as characters justly delineated from nature. Agamemnon, as painted by Homer, is an ambitious, vindictive prince; jealous of his authority, haughty to his officers, and kind to his troops; he is a tender brother, an excellent king, a man not readily transported by his passions; but, from a high sense of honour, firm in his resentment, and yet induced by his desire of military fame, and by affection for his army, to make great submissions to his private enemy; but submissions which are

* Tyrant of Athens, killed by Harmodius and Aristogiton.

not humiliating. He restores Briseis, whom he had only detained as a proof of his authority: he restores her in such a manner as shews his respect for the laws of honour; but he openly declares, that Achilles has no right to suspect him; and adds other presents, by which he rather confers a favour, than acknowledges a fault."

"To the portrait given of Achilles by one of your poets," continued Lysias, "it may be added that he was obedient to the duties and precepts of religion, generous in his resentment, divided by passion and sensibility, attentive to the voice of reason, and still more so to the voice of honour: hurried too far by every noble sentiment; but yielding to the will of Calchas, from a consideration of his being interpreter of the Gods; to the will of his mother, from reverence and filial affection; and, to the will of Patroclus, from a high sense of the sacred ties of friendship. Thus are his passions alternately actuated by his friends and his enemies, while he appears through the whole poem, the victim of his excellent heart and violent disposition.

"A want of delicacy and feeling in some inferior artists has destroyed that nice discrimination of character which forms the great effect of

the Iliad. Agamemnon must not have the mien of a tyrant, nor Achilles that of a madman; in Homer they are men subject to error, but their characters are respectable and interesting."

Lysias sets no bounds to his admiration of Homer, and I think he describes with great precision the impression made on him by the principal figures of the Iliad.

He remarks that the astonishing diversity of characters in this poem can never be sufficiently admired; and that the nicety with which they are delineated, can only be compared to a picture executed with a perfect knowledge of perspective, where the gradations are distinctly marked and yet insensibly separated.

"What is very extraordinary," said he, "is the manner in which Agamemnon is distinguished from the rest; he is absolutely the sovereign, and no one who reads the Iliad can bear the supposition that any other chief could have been elected to command the army. His brother Menelaus is also distinctly drawn, so as to excite every interesting sentiment: the motives of his conduct seem entirely to spring from a sense of honour. No man of generosity would refuse to fight for Menelaus; and though he has not the advantages of some of the other heroes, his be-

haviour always shews him deserving of, and grateful for their assistance. He appears in the field with sensibility and courage, and in the council with that placid dignity, and modest, though anxious attention, which agree with his situation and character."

The five characters of Ajax, Achilles, Diomedes, Ulysses, and Nestor, are most remarkably distinguished: the first is a perfect contrast to the last, and yet it is easy to perceive the chain that unites them. To continue the image of perspective; Ajax is like a figure on the foreground; his outline is strongly marked; force and strength are his characteristics; we admire in him all the skill of the artist, but he excites in us little interest for himself; and yet we dwell on him with pleasure, as his character does not wholly want attraction; and we might be longer detained, if the principal figure of Achilles did not command our attention. There we see elegance, dignity, and vigour set in the noblest light: the beams that flash from his helmet dazzle our eyes; his look penetrates the soul, and the expression of sensibility in his countenance interests us so strongly, that it is long before we observe the other figures. But when we descend to these, with what satisfaction we contemplate

Diomedes; for, as in the heroic Achilles, the fierce and almost brutal courage of Ajax appears to be purified from terrestrial dross, and to receive the brightest emanations of celestial fire, so in Diomedes the fury of Achilles is tempered into the calm and steady intrepidity of the valiant soldier, and the experienced general. Diomedes is not a kind of celestial being, like Achilles, but then he is the first of mortals. Where is the man of warm imagination, who, at twenty, would not dream of being an Achilles, and at thirty would not wish to be a Diomed?"

Lysias here paused for a reply; I assented to his remarks, and he continued the same image.

"After these," said he, "the figures retreat to the back-ground, but they are still infinitely beautiful. Ulysses is painted with the greatest care; the shining valour of Achilles, the steady courage of the son of Tydeus, obscure indeed the military talents of Ulysses; but his figure is pleasing, the proportions are just and learnedly marked: without him there would be a dreadful void, and we perceive that for this portrait greater skill has been required, as for the others more imagination. Beyond him is Nestor, mellowed into the soft gravity of age, yet rising like a majestic and awful pyramid, to terminate the scene

of dignity. Here we must again observe the wonderful discernment, or, perhaps sensibility of Homer; one step beyond Nestor a figure would have degenerated into the weakest dotage; one line beyond Ajax it would have swelled into deformity and madness."

You must, I hope, be satisfied, my friend, with the relation here given of my conversation with Lysias, from which you may see that I do not voluntarily exclude from my mind what may suspend its disquietude. Suffer me now to inform you of a circumstance which at once renewed my anxiety. After viewing the unfinished paintings, I desired to see those which were completed; and Lysias led me into another room, where I observed, in the figure of Andromache parting from Hector, a striking likeness of Valeria. Upon my enquiry whether it was intended for a portrait, Lysias answered, it was not: but said, that whenever he met any person, whose elegance of features, or dignity of form, coincided with the ideas in his mind of the heroes or heroines described by the poets, his memory faithfully assisted him to express the image at his return to his studies. I desired to be the purchaser of this picture, but he informed me that it was promised to Drusus.

I need not tell you, Septimius, how great was my mortification; I left the painter immediately, and went to enquire whether Drusus was returned. I scarce knew what I should have said to him; but certainly I should have complained to him for interfering in the concerns of a family, who would rather gloriously perish with the commonwealth, than be restored to their ancient rights through the selfish interposition of the son of their ruler. I have yet obtained no intelligence of Drusus: and surely his absence, at this time, can admit of no favourable construction. It was his duty, as a man of honour, to take the earliest opportunity of explaining to me the motives from which he had acted in so extraordinary a manner.

LETTER LXX.

I HAVE reason to hope, my friend, that the legates of Maroboduus will be dismissed without succeeding in the purpose of their embassy; but they have not yet received their final answer. Our state will undoubtedly shew that we have still public virtue sufficient to despise the little arts of fomenting, or of even deriving advantage from the internal discord of our enemies. Whatever corruption may be disseminated through Rome, by the present system of government, and by the increase of wealth and luxury, we are still noble in our conduct to foreign nations, and generous to those who have a just claim to our assistance.

You will have heard of the tremendous earthquake, which has overthrown twelve flourishing cities of Asia. One night of horror has destroyed the lives and properties of innumerable citizens: the face of nature has been changed; mountains have been transported far from their

pristine situation; and wide extended plains have disappeared from the face of day. A dreadful conflagration has consumed what the shock of warring elements, and the convulsion of the earth, had spared; and those who have escaped the general desolation, are reduced to the extremest want and misery. Tiberius and the senate have unanimously decreed to succour these unfortunate people with large sums of money, and necessaries for their present subsistence; to grant them a remission of taxes for the space of five years, and every indulgence that can alleviate their distresses. The emperor has distinguished himself in liberality towards them, and a senator, of prætorian rank, is deputed to visit the scene of these calamities. Universal Rome applauds the decrees; and Tiberius has made a greater progress in the affection of the Romans, by his care of these distant sufferers, than if he had bestowed millions in the city. Generous nation! may you never lose this liberality of sentiment! The wreaths of conquest are indeed an ornament to the brows that shine with universal benevolence! While humanity directs our councils, victory will attend our arms! Septimius, you will exult with me more than ever at being born a Roman!

This is not the only proof which Tiberius has lately given of his justice and propriety of conduct: he watches strictly over the execution of his sumptuary laws: he refuses all inheritances, except those which he has deserved by friendship, and has bestowed on indigent nobles the fortunes which, for want of heirs, would have fallen to the prince. He has dismissed, or suffered to depart, from the senate those who, by their libertinism and dissipation, have profusely squandered their revenues, and stooped to mean and unworthy resources. O my friend! why is not a great prince always a man of virtue? If the private character of Tiberius were equal to his talents for government, we should less regret the loss of liberty.

Germanicus informed him of all we knew relative to Philocles, and the emperor listened with attention to his narrative; but though it is scarcely possible that he should confide in him after such information, yet I fear I am not deceived by those who declare that the Greek has frequent audiences of Tiberius. The fatal dissimulation of the sovereign, which creates his own misery, and raises perpetual mistrust in those who would willingly nourish an affection for him, poisons even the good that might flow from his

counsels, or attend his actions. He keeps me in the most painful suspense till Valerius arrives: nevertheless, I must acknowledge that there is no probability of his dissembling in this particular, and that my alarms are rather for the future, than the present. All the senators, and most of the principal citizens of Rome, have made me visits of congratulation; and, what is singular, Sejanus has been of the number: but him I did not receive.

My uncle would not be recalled in so public a manner, if the emperor had any present design inimical to his safety: my opinion is, that he wishes to bring him over to his party, or at least to prevent his supporting those who oppose the designs of power. Many hints, that have been dropped in conversation, by some of the patricians most in favour, convince me that my suspicions are not groundless; but as I know how firmly Valerius will adhere to his ancient principles, I am not without disquietude on the effect which such a disappointment in his hopes may have on the disposition of Tiberius. His notions of honour and equity have ever been so pliant to his interests, that he can have little faith in the integrity of other men. I am persuaded that if the emperor was perfectly assured of the since-

rity and probity of Valerius; if he credited what I solemnly declared when I first addressed him, after my return from Ericusa, and what the whole tenor of my uncle's conduct might have demonstrated, that he is only the friend of Rome, and not the enemy of Tiberius; if he was certain of this invariable truth, he would not seek the ruin of a man whose talents and reputation are the firmest support of just and lawful authority. Perhaps he is at length convinced: I wish to suppose him capable of a belief in virtue, not only for the safety of Valerius, but for the prosperity of my country.

LETTER LXXI.

I AM just now returned from Tibur;* Sigismar was desirous to see me, and I could not refuse his request, though every hour of my absence from Rome has increased my impatience in the fear of delaying the satisfaction I should experience in receiving accounts of Valerius. The time approaches in which I may hope for his return, and this was so strong a motive to detain me at Rome, that I had almost resolved not to yield, till after his arrival, to the earnest entreaties of Sigismar, to be at least for a few hours a witness of his felicity. But as I had received early this morning intelligence from Ostia that no vessel was in sight, and that not a breath of wind was stirring, I determined to pass the day with my friend, and was received by him with unspeakable kindness. Bertha seemed no less delighted with my visit, and treated me with that frank and unreserved affec-

* Tivoli, a small city and bisho prick near Rome.

tion, which can only flow from a heart conscious of its own purity and innocence. She was not embarrassed by my presence, nor any further elated than was natural at the sight of a friend who is equally dear to herself and her husband; a husband, during whose absence many interesting and important events have happened to us all. She presented to me her lovely infant, with a smile of pleasure and serenity, and spoke of Sigismar with such tenderness and esteem, as convinced me that she is worthy of partaking with him a life of virtuous happiness: they are enchanted with their new habitation, and the country round them. If Sigismar could be assured that peace would subsist between the Romans and his countrymen, I am apt to believe that he would desire no other residence.

You remember the situation of the villa on the most elevated part of the hill near the entrance of the town, exposed to the setting sun, and shaded to the east by a wood of olives. I do not recollect that you ever entered the gardens, which are extensive, and ornamented with a greater number of shrubs and flowers than statues or vases. There is, however, in a grove of myrtle, a young fawn, playing on a double flute, which is allowed to have considerable merit.

From the terrace are different views of the city of Tibur, of the cascades, Mount Catillus, and the serpentine course of the Anio.* The arable land and the vineyards are in good order, and equal to any possessions in the neighbourhood. There is a small library in the house, consisting chiefly of poetical or historical works. I found Sigismar reading to Bertha the elegies of Tibullus; Vercennis was gone to the temple of the Sybil;† after she returned, and we had spent some time in mutual demonstrations of regard, many tears were shed to the memory of Carioval-das, whose image was present to me, whenever I looked on the united family, to whose happiness was only wanting this great and good man, who had sacrificed his life to save that of Sigismar and Flaminius. Septimius! you will conceive how much I regretted that it was denied me to return him, in this place, that hospitality which I so long experienced under his roof. To-morrow I will give orders for the erection of a monument, which shall perpetuate my gratitude and his virtues. In the afternoon I walked down into the valley with Sigismar; and felt anew all the

* Now called the Teverone.

† See Horace, Od. vii. lib. 1.

pleasing sensations, which I used to experience when wandering along the banks of the resounding Anio before my departure for Germany. The variety of trees, the magnificent edifices that raise their lofty heads amidst the rural beauties of the scene, the murmur of the cascades, the fragrance diffused by an inexhaustible variety of flowers and aromatic plants, the coolness communicated by the zephyrs from the light vapour that rises out of the falling waters and extends over all the valley; the awful dignity of the mountains, that defend it from the noxious winds, and leave to the west an extensive view of the Roman plains: every thing contributes to the pleasures of this most delightful retreat of our poets, and the favourite scene of their contemplations. I revisited the sumptuous villa where Mecænas* was surrounded by the happiest votaries of the Muses; where Augustus received, in friendship, an alleviation of the cares of empire; and in immortal verse, the reward of his actions, with the consecration of his fame to remotest posterity; and yet Mecænas was not the friend, for whom, were I a

* The friend of Augustus; the ruins of his villa are eminently picturesque.

reign, I should most envy Augustus. Agrip-
is he whose character does the greatest ho-
r to that prince, and to himself. How little
ht we expect to see a man preserve the confi-
ce of a friend, who had been raised by
to the highest summit of human great-
, when that friend stood no longer in need of
assistance? And how little might we expect
man to be content with the honours bestow-
on him, and think his services sufficiently
arded? Yet, such was Agrippa; who never
e advice that did not tend to the good of
country, nor sought any other recompense
the consciousness of his own virtues. Me-
as was a less active, and less determined cha-
er; but his mildness and clemency of dispo-
n, the humanity he displayed in his influ-
e over Augustus, the distinguished protection
ch he granted to men of learning, or rather
familiar intercourse in which he lived with
n, the taste and discernment with which
elected the most deserving, and the constan-
of his attachments, are qualities that must for
render his name dear and valuable. None
repine at the splendor of a villa, no less
seat of instruction and benevolence, than
elegance and pomp.

We afterwards walked round to the other side of the valley: I shewed my friend the simple dwelling* where Horace put in practice those maxims of content, and neglect of riches, which he inculcates in such harmonious numbers, and with a sincerity unusual not only to the poet, but to the philosopher. With the same truth he sung that he could not survive Mecænas, and the event proved that he felt the friendship he described.

I was greatly affected at the sight of the villa of Quintilius Varus.† Valerius had introduced me to him here a short time before I accompanied him on his last fatal expedition; I felt anew the horrors of his fate, and could not, without discomposure, answer the questions of Sigismar, who enquired after the proprietor of this magnificent habitation. I hastily walked forward, and quitted the place with a sigh.

We were now arrived at the oaks of Tiburnus, and the mansion where dwelt the beauteous Cynthia, whom Propertius has taken so much

* Horace's villa of Tivoli is generally supposed to have been situated near the church of St. Anthony.

† Considerable ruins of his villa still remain, and the chapel near it is called by the peasants la Madonna di Quintiliolo.

pains to celebrate, or defame. We returned at sun-set to join Vercennis and Bertha, who had decorated the hall, where we were to take our repast, with garlands and vases of the freshest flowers. At length I bade farewell to this tranquil scene of domestic enjoyment, and returned to Rome immersed in lonely and pensive melancholy.

This instant has made me the happiest of mortals; I have received a letter written by Valerius, dated from Caïeta, which leaves me no doubt of the certainty of his return. Though he does not appear conscious that I can entertain any suspicions, it is plain that his paternal goodness has dispatched this express to calm my mind: he was to weigh anchor the same night, and may soon arrive at Ostia; to-morrow I shall go thither; every moment of happiness is precious: I should not pardon myself were I to miss the first appearance of the sails that waft hither Valerius, and his enchanting daughter.

LETTER LXXII.

I WRITE to you from Ostia, my friend, but there is yet no appearance of the gallies of Valerius. Before I left Rome this morning, I went to the sculptor Polidore, to give directions for the monument of Cariovaldas. You know my partiality for statuary, and need not now be told of my unlimited veneration and gratitude for the memory of that excellent man. I should therefore set no bounds to the magnificence of the cenotaph, were I merely to consult my own inclination; but pompous tombs are usually considered rather as proof of the vanity of those who erect them, than of respect for the dead, or memorials of their virtues. As I have no portrait of Cariovaldas, I cannot perpetuate his features, and must therefore content myself with expressing, as far as possible, the sentiments and genius with which they were animated. It is agreed that this monument shall consist of a lofty column of porphyry of the Doric order; the base to be of the purest Parian marble, and the

socle of basalt. The western front of the pedestal is to bear an inscription, delineating the character of Cariovaldas, and relating the circumstances of his death. To the east will be a bass-relief of considerable size, representing Fortitude guided by Minerva, who embraces with one hand the statue of Germany, placed on the altar of patriotism, and contemplates, with benevolent smiles, a globe of the world, presented to her by Humanity. On the right side of the pedestal is to be a trophy of the various arms in use among the Germans, intwined with wreaths of laurel; and on the left are to be placed two figures, representing Sigismar and myself fixing a civic crown on a funeral urn. This cenotaph I mean to erect on the most elevated spot of the gardens, now inhabited by the family of Cariovaldas; a place which I earnestly desire to appropriate to them and theirs for ever.

You are too well acquainted with the masterly performances of Polidore, to doubt of the perfection with which this idea will be executed. My pleasure and admiration are inexpressibly excited by the grace and simplicity that distinguish his works, and the soul with which they appear to be animated. I was this morning

particularly charmed with an Apollo,* whose attitude and countenance represent that majestic scorn with which Ovid makes him address the God of Love, immediately after the destruction of the serpent Python. The figure is singularly beautiful, and the same poetic fire which dictated the lines, you may so well remember, seems to have infused itself into the sculptor. A group of Laocöon,† with his two sons, in vain endeavouring to defend themselves from the serpents that are twined around them, next caught my attention; the execution of this dreadful subject is wonderful; but arts which are intended to adorn and soften life, should not, surely, be applied to images of horror. The skill of the artist

* † The ideas of the reader will naturally recur to the Laocöon and Apollo of the Belvidere, but it is generally thought they were of a later date in Rome. Pliny writes that the Laocöon was the work of three celebrated Rhodians, Agesander, Polidore, and Athenedorus, and that it was placed in the palace of Titus: the Belvidere Apollo was found at Nettuno. Mr. Addison, in his travels, remarks, that the most ancient medal, on which it is represented, is one of Antoninus Pius. It is well known that the same subject was often repeated with little variation by ancient sculptors, and the author does not pretend to fix the date of any statue now existing.

is indeed more visible in distorted features, and limbs writhing in the agony of pain; but, perhaps, greater genius is required to give a just and natural expression of the gentle passions of the soul. Sentiments are more difficult to represent than actions; and I am persuaded the Apollo required deeper study than the Laocöon, though, at first sight, the spectator forms a very different judgment. Polidore assures me that various sculptors have already made excellent copies of the latter, but none have yet succeeded in imitating the Apollo.

I was infinitely pleased with his remark on the different taste he had observed in the Romans and the Greeks. "Before I left my native country," said he, "I was chiefly employed on subjects merely fabulous or ideal: the metamorphosis of various Deities, the representation of Tritons and Syrens, Sphinxes, and Chimæras, seduce the lively imagination of the Grecian, but rarely satisfy the mind or judgment of a Roman. With you the portrait of a friend, the representation of any historical fact, in which courage or generosity is displayed, the image of a hero or a sage, are the objects of universal approbation. Rome triumphant, allegorical figures, that denote some favourite virtue, or the attributes of a conquered

province, are all the efforts of fancy that please your countrymen. Amongst the Gods, Jupiter, Mars, and Cupid are those you most frequently desire; but the Greeks delight in novelty, and recommended by this, the most capricious composition engages their attention. The Romans are not easily wearied with a repetition of the same subject, if it has once interested them; but whatever exceeds propriety, or probability, excites their disgust. I have formed my taste in Greece, and corrected it in Italy."

I know not, Septimius, but it may be in consequence of this disposition that we generally prefer sculpture to painting. The illusion of colouring is far more sensible than that of form, and there requires much less exertion of the fancy to be satisfied with a statue than with a picture. The former has usually more the appearance of nature and simplicity; art is more manifest in the latter. The Roman temples abound in figures of bronze and marble, which impress us with more sublime ideas of dignity, than the variety of colours requisite in painting, however harmoniously combined. Perhaps the notion of solidity may contribute something to the preference: we always wish our actions to be immortal, and this wish has often made them

worthy of eternal fame. The Grecian lives more for himself and his contemporaries; the Roman for his country and for posterity.

Great have been the virtues of the Greeks; but the fickleness of their disposition, the instability of their councils, and, in every respect, their immoderate love of change, render useless to their country the extraordinary talents, and indefatigable industry, with which nature and education have endowed them. The Spartans alone, unshaken in their principles, and constant to their institutions, long resisted the pernicious influence of example, and the reiterated assaults of jealous enmity. The Spartans must be revered as long as heroism is honoured, or virtue beloved.

LETTER LXXIII.

SEPTIMIUS, you have long been the partner of my afflictions; I now entreat you to participate of the purest, the sublimest joy—Valerius is restored to his country!

Soon after I had finished my last letter, the gallies, which conducted him, appeared in sight. I instantly went out to meet them, and found him neither elated nor discomposed by his change of fortune. He received me with his usual tenderness; but gently rebuked me for the immoderate transport which I had no power to suppress. Valeria was greatly affected, and the senators who accompanied them, were far from being indifferent spectators of our meeting. When the gallies entered the port, innumerable crowds of people covered the shore, and the multitude increased as we approached nearer to Rome. Every demonstration of zeal and affection that a nation can bestow, was accumulated on Valerius; and his entrance into the city had more the resemblance of a triumph, than of

a return from exile. All his relations, and many of the other principal nobility of Rome, were at his house to wait his arrival, having received information that the gallies were in sight of Ostia. During the whole of that day and the following morning, the mansion was thronged with visitants, and re-echoed with congratulations. This was but a prelude to what followed: how can I describe to you, my friend, his first appearance in the senate? Thanks to Augustus* who restored to young patricians the privilege of attending the debates of this august assembly! I was present at his entrance, and would not have lost the advantage of being a spectator, at this triumphant moment, for the empire of the universe. Every senator arose and welcomed Valerius; every countenance displayed the various passions with which the mind was agitated. The felicitations of the good and sincere were warm, but delivered in few words; their looks expressed more than their tongues; while the flatterers of Tiberius, and the adherents of Sejanus, distinguished themselves by long and exaggerated praises. Valerius answered the first with affection, and the latter with dignity. The universal sentiments

* Life of that Emperor.

appeared to be those of respect and veneration: he took his place, and the numerous assembly were hushed to general silence: all eyes were fixed on him, and every other thought seemed suspended in attention to what he was about to utter. He arose with that grace and majesty; which are natural to him, and began by thanking the senate for the welcome with which one of its members had been received, after a long and extraordinary absence. He said, that his constant and uniform adherence to the duties imposed on every individual who was called to so distinguished a part in the government of his country, gave him reason to hope that no one present would suspect him of having voluntarily relinquished the station in which the will of the immortal Gods, and his zeal for the welfare of Rome, had placed him. He then related, with dispassionate conciseness, the circumstances attending his conveyance to the island of Ericusa, the manner of his living there, and the means by which I had discovered the place of his retreat. He barely mentioned, without animadversion, the accusations with which the slaves had loaded Sejanus; and having concluded his narrative, he proceeded thus:

"I am not conscious of having merited, either

by my private or public conduct, the resentment of the injured, or the attacks of the malignant; the whole tenor of my life has been invariably directed to the service of my country; I have vindicated her honour in the field, and her laws and liberties in this assembly. I have opposed none but the favourers of sedition and servility; I look on no man as my enemy, but the enemies of Rome; and will acknowledge none for my friend, who is not animated by the same sentiment.

"I hope it will not be interpreted as a want of gratitude towards you, conscript fathers! who were pleased to depute two of the most respectable and most illustrious characters in Rome to recall me to this temple; nor towards the august prince who convoked you for this purpose, and who first proposed my return, if I declare, that divesting myself of my public character, my exile was neither injurious nor painful. Happy in the society of a daughter, who to the purity of a vestal unites the fortitude of a heroine; accompanied by satisfactory reflections on my past conduct, on the esteem of this venerable assembly, and on the affection of my fellow citizens, for my zeal in the support of their interests, and of the principles in the Valerian family; the event that sepa-

rated me from those honours granted by the Roman people, was not capable of interrupting that serenity, which nothing but a consciousness of guilt could ever have banished from my breast.

"But though Titus Valerius has neither been injured nor offended; conscript fathers! a senator of Rome has been illegally transported by his slaves to a remote and miserable island. He has been debarred the enjoyment of those rights to which every member of this assembly is entitled. Your dignity has been insulted, and this example proves that rank does not secure you from the insidious or daring attempts of your enemies or dependants. I will not condemn a citizen of Rome on the testimony of three guilty slaves, who can exhibit no proofs of seduction; neither will I demand the punishment of these slaves, because it is impossible to judge how far they may have been intimidated or corrupted. I therefore propose, and earnestly request of every senator who loves his country to join his suffrage to mine, that an act of oblivion may take place for all the proceedings which have been either attempted or affected against Titus Valerius."

He was here interrupted by an universal murmur, and many voices were distinguished that

exclaimed, "No man who loves his country can suffer that iniquity to remain unpunished, which has conspired against her noblest ornament."

Valerius entreated silence and then resumed his speech:

"Conscript fathers! permit me to proceed, and if ever I merited your approbation attend to my request. To this act of oblivion, I propose shall be added a decree for the observance of the ancient laws, by which no senator is allowed to absent himself from his duty without giving a full and distinct account of the motives which oblige him to retire; and that if any future attempt of the same nature, as that which now excites your indignation, should be discovered, the agents, authors, and abettors of the same shall be punished as traitors to their country."

The acclamations were now so loud that it was long before the subject could be discussed with any degree of calmness; at length after a long debate, in which it was remarkable that the known enemies of liberty were those who most vehemently demanded the punishment of the offenders, a considerable majority decided for the opinion of Valerius.

He expressed his thanks in the warmest man-

ner for the deference paid to his proposal, and added that he should preserve no other remembrance of his exile, than what might tend to excite his sensibility for the marks of affection with which his country had honoured his return. "I have now," said he, "acknowledged, though imperfectly, my obligations to Cæsar, to this venerable senate, and to the citizens of Rome in general: I must next acquit myself of my private obligations. Marcus Quintius Flaminius, on whose merits and services I will forbear to enlarge; not in fear of being suspected of partiality towards the son of a beloved sister, but because they are recently and publicly known, is the person to whom I particularly owe my restoration to this assembly, and to the service of my country. Attached to his duty, and to the glory of the Roman arms, he suppressed his filial solicitude till repeated victories authorized his return to Italy: he then with indefatigable piety, and unremitting assiduity sought, and, at length, discovered the place of my retreat. I recommend him, conscript fathers! to your notice: he has shewn himself worthy of your protection and of the name he bears; in you may he find a powerful and parental support, when Valerius is no more; and may he justify this

application, by proving himself no less the defender of your rights, than the glorious avenger of the insulted dignity of Rome, and the fortunate restorer of her sacred ensigns!"

Septimius, I should vainly endeavour to relate what I now felt, or what passed in the senate. Let it suffice that you are informed nothing could exceed the demonstrations of regard with which your friend was honoured by the fathers of his country. It will ever be considered by me as the most awful period in my past life, and the goodness of Valerius had almost deprived me of the power of utterance."

He continued: "Conscript fathers! you know my heart, and can judge how deeply it is affected with a sense of your benefits. Allow me to trespass a little longer on your patience. The Cheruscan warrior, with whom Marcus Flaminius is connected by reciprocal obligations, actuated by gratitude and friendship, left his native country to inform him of the place of my exile, which he discovered by the means you have heard me relate: his father, one of the chiefs of that nation, treated with hospitality your fellow citizen, and at length preserved his life by the sacrifice of his own. I therefore entreat that his son may enjoy an honour of which

he is deserving: I would wish that he might obtain the freedom of this city, and be raised to the dignity of a Roman knight. No man is a greater asserter of the majesty of our state, nor more cautious than myself of communicating so exalted a distinction: I would sooner counsel the distribution of treasures and provinces, than to prostitute the honour of the Roman people, by admitting unworthy sharers of their sacred privileges; but the virtues of this Cheruscan are congenial to our principles, and the man of courage and probity deserves to be a Roman. I therefore shall desire that the freedom of this city may be granted to Sigismar, son of the late Cariovaldas, with permission to assume the name of Titus Valerius. I should be concerned to omit informing you, conscript fathers! of any whose good offices have co-operated in the restoration of one of your colleagues, and if any such omission may have happened, I request that you will put a favourable construction on my sentiments."

I perceived that Germanicus, who was present at this meeting of the senate, seemed particularly attentive to these concluding words of Valerius, which manifestly regarded the interference of Drusus.

The business of the day being completed, my uncle, attended by a very considerable number of senators, went to the palace, and was received by Tiberius with great apparent regard. Sigismar, with his family, is to be enrolled amongst the citizens of Rome; and this privilege delivers Bertha from the power of Ingomar. The other hostages are to be sent back with the ambassadors, who will not obtain any assistance against Arminius. Immediately after having accompanied Valerius in his visit to the emperor, I returned home, to give you a narration of the proceedings of the day, and to acquaint Sigismar with the certain prospect of peace between his country and ours, previous to the information of his becoming our fellow citizen.

As the games of the Circus* begin to-morrow, Valerius intends to avail himself of this opportunity to pass a few days at his villa near Præneste.† He wishes to avoid the concourse of visitants that continually fill his apartments, and to allot some time for domestic and social enjoy-

* Roman calendar.

† Palestrina, a small city and bishoprick in the Pope's states, a fief of the Barberini family.

ments. Marcus Lepidus,* his approved and excellent friend, is to accompany him, and he has granted me the same permission. I have an important suit to obtain from his paternal goodness; he is not ignorant of my attachment to Valeria, and I dare flatter myself that he will soon consent to secure my happiness.

* Tacitus, Book 1. and 4.

LETTER LXXIV.

THE British princes, grandsons of the venerable Mandubratius, are arrived; and Germanicus, to whom their visit is principally intended, has desired that I would assist him in shewing them every attention of friendship and hospitality. This circumstance, which would have given me infinite satisfaction at any other time, is now a source of mortification, as it has prevented me from accompanying Valerius to Prænestе.

They are charged by the king of the Trinobantians, to congratulate Tiberius, and the Roman people, on the success of our arms between the Rhine and Albis, and to offer gifts in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Before my return from Ericusa, Cornelius Dolabella was sent to meet them at the port of Luna,* where they first disembarked on their arrival from Gaul. It was their choice to continue the voyage by sea, and they came up the Tiber, attended by a great

* Gulph della Spezia.

number of vessels richly ornamented, amidst the acclamations of the Roman people, who are interested in their favour on account of the generous conduct of their parent and sovereign towards those of our fellow-soldiers who suffered shipwreck on his coast.

As soon as I heard of their arrival, I left the field of Mars, where I was exercising, and having entered a barge with some other friends of Germanicus, we joined them at a little distance from the city. They were transported to see me, and were eager in their enquiries concerning the objects presented to their view, as we advanced up the river. They particularly admired the Naumachia,* and gardens of Cæsar, with the numberless villas that adorn the Janicule hill; the next instant they turned their eyes to the Aventine, and I had scarcely time to answer the variety of their questions, being obliged to tell them the name and destination of every building which they saw. The temples† of Diana and Juno, the grove of laurels, with the sepulchre of

* Now St. Cosimato and villa Baberini.

† These temples, &c. are mentioned by many ancient authors: the priory of Malta, St. Alexis, and Santa Sabina, are built on their ruins.

Tatius, the fane of liberty, and the public library of Asinius Pollio, the cave of the robber Cacus, and the history of Evander, were all to be explained. But what singularly engaged their attention was the Sublician bridge,* which has acquired such celebrity from the heroic act of Horatius Cocles. When we arrived at the island,† I was unwilling to enter into any details, for you may imagine that I had no inclination to recount the progress of the God of Physic from Epidaurus in the form of a serpent, or the consecration of the place where he thought proper to fix his abode. I should be much more disposed to look on this island as sacred on account of its formation. It is undoubtedly a remarkable monument of that integrity which would not suffer our forefathers to appropriate to their own use the treasures of a tyrant whom they had exiled, nor the product of an estate which they had consecrated to Mars. But this was not a narration for the ear of princes: the name of Tarquin is an insult to monarchs, and should not be pronounced in

* The remains of this still to be seen under the priory of Malta

† Now called Island of St. Bartholomew, from the church of that name; there is still an hospital called De buon Fratelli.

the presence of those whose dominion is founded on equity, and on the love of their people. I therefore contented myself with pointing out to the British youths the temple of Esculapius, with the adjoining hospital, not omitting to mention the statue of Julius Cæsar, whose memory is so interesting to them.

Germanicus employs, for the entertainment of his guests, every opportunity afforded by his station, with all the urbanity and amiable beneficence of his disposition. It is not in the nature of the emperor to receive any one with kindness, but he confers on these every honour which state and magnificence can bestow. They are to be introduced into the senate, with peculiar distinction, as soon as the games are finished; and in the mean while they are highly delighted with the races and other amusements incidental to the season.

This morning they were present at the dedication of the temple of Janus,* erected by Caius Duilius, after his victory over the Carthaginians, the first naval conqueror who graces the Roman annals. The edifice had suffered so much from the injuries of time, that Augustus thought pro-

* Tacitus, Book ii.

per to rebuild it; and Tiberius has had the honour of newly consecrating it to the Deity whose name it bears. The princes do not attend any of our rites without enquiring into their origin; and were greatly interested by the history of Duilius, and of our first naval preparations against the enemy, at that time master of the seas.

"We are islanders," exclaimed they, with all the ardor of patriotism; "the ocean must be for us the field of action. Nature has given us ports and bays that seem to indicate our destination; the winds that guard our coasts, impel our sails to conquest and dominion. We have the lofty and venerable oak, which our Druids teach us to behold with reverential awe; but these sacred trees may, indeed, become the guardians of our isle, when we convert them into floating citadels and defensive bulwarks. The naval crown awaits us; and many a Briton may hereafter emulate, if not surpass, the glory of Duilius."

These youth are endued with a noble pride that endears them to every Roman; and this disposition, among many instances, appeared in the following speech made by the youngest to a senator, who gave them yesterday a sumptuous banquet, at which various strangers were present. "I observe," said he, "that the inhabi-

tants of different regions are received at Rome with kindness and splendor: you are superior to the illiberal prejudices arising from envy or distrust: you grant your protection to the universe; but is there no nation worthy of your friendship? If you knew the hearts of the Britons, you would find them congenial with your own, and would bestow on them this honourable distinction."

These words were highly applauded, and had the desired effect on the hearers. There was not a Roman in company but bore testimony that he felt for these brave islanders the sentiments which they wished to inspire.

Farewell, my dear Septimius, I have yet no account of Drusus. It is surely very strange that he has not returned to Rome for the celebration of the games,* he who is so passionately addicted to these amusements. What can be the motive of his absence?

* Dion Cassius, Tacitus, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

I HAVE had the happiness, my friend, of passing some hours with Valerius and his amiable daughter. The British princes willingly accepted my proposal of accompanying them to Prænèste. They had heard of the celebrated temple of Fortune,* consecrated by Sylla to the Goddess, whom he esteemed his protectress; and I conducted them to the villa of my uncle, which is delightfully situated near that of the emperor,† at a small distance from the city, and enjoys every advantage of this pure and salubrious air.

Valerius received them with his accustomed hospitality and openness of manners. As he interests himself warmly in promoting the great

* Plutarch, &c.

† Magnificent remains of the emperor's villa are still to be seen near Palestrine: the inhabitants call it Villa Adriana, because the emperor Adrian enlarged it considerably: there is now a hermitage with a small chapel in the midst of the ruins.

object of their travels, which is to enlighten and improve their native country by the knowledge they may acquire, he encouraged them in this noble design, and at the same time gave them every caution against the seductions, which luxury has introduced amongst us.

" Let not the delights of Hesperia," said he to these ingenuous youths, " induce you to neglect the more solid advantages which you may reap from a change of scene. This temporary absence from the kingdom which, by our birth you are allotted to grace with your residence and adorn with your virtues, may be essentially beneficial to yourselves and to your countrymen, if you make good use of the time destined for such purpose ; but if, dazzled by the splendor of our capital, or led astray by its allurements, you set too high a value on enjoyments of which a few revolving months would prove the fallacy, you will return to Britain without any increase of knowledge, and with a confidence unworthy of your genuine character. You will repine at the loss of pleasures, the novelty of which was their greatest charm; you will be dissatisfied with the virtuous simplicity of your former life, and perhaps sow the fatal seeds of corruption and misery. Forgive me, princes,

for the supposition; your native virtues, and the precepts of the excellent Mandubratius, must surely secure you from the delusion incidental to other travellers; you will transplant into your island the laudable institutions of our forefathers; the learning that makes men wise and good; the exact discipline, the manly eloquence, and lofty sentiments that form the real greatness of this nation: in courage and generosity you have already proved yourselves our equals."

The youths seem desirous to follow the instructions of Valerius: they examine with attention every object worthy of their curiosity, and make diligent enquiries into our laws, our government, and the annals of our republic. No sooner did the sultry heat of the day begin to abate, than they grew impatient to visit the ancient city of Præneste, and though I would gladly have prolonged the happiness I felt in the conversation of Valeria, I was obliged to comply with their desires.

As we approached near the hill, my uncle, who accompanied us, gave the princes a short account of the foundation of Præneste, and the early part of its history.

"The* various edifices dependent on the

* In the prince's palace is to be seen a curious paint-

fane," added he, "compose a city of themselves; the architecture merits your attention, but you will be still more gratified with the extensive view of the Apennines,* the Tyrrhenian sea, the Pontine islands, and the capital of our empire, with innumerable lesser towns, all of which form an interesting prospect for the sanctuary of the temple.† You will observe the Pharos for directing distant mariners to pay a passing salute to the throne of Fortune. A multitude of votaries crowd her shrine, and her oracles are delivered with sufficient art to support the reputation of her power. You will see, in the mosaic pavement‡ given by Sylla, the various scenes of life represented by Egyptian figures, which he intended should denote that all depends on the fickle goddess. You

ing by Pietro di Cortona, representing the ancient temple, as he had collected the form of it from the ruins. The altar for drawing the lots, &c. is now in the seminary.

* From one window of the palace this astonishing view is to be seen.

† Now the palace. The ancient semicircular staircase still serves for the entrance of this magnificent house, which contains a church, theatre, armoury, &c.

‡ This mosaic pavement is to be seen in the palace: it is the most ancient known in Italy.

perceive the situation of Præneste: this hill, of difficult access, has often been fatal to its inhabitants, whose fidelity to Rome has for ever endeared them to our nation. The place has been frequently attacked, and the conquerors have cruelly revenged on its citizens the toil and difficulties which they had undergone during the siege. The horrid massacre committed by order of Sylla, and the death of the younger Marius, rendered him the solitary master of this city: he attributed his successes to Fortune; but had he ascribed them to a higher cause, he would not have sullied his victory by the destruction of twelve thousand Romans and Prænestians. Blind to his own fate, he, from that moment, sealed his guilt by assuming the appellation of THE FORTUNATE, and became the most wretched of the human species."

Valerius, by previously acquainting the Britons with the subjects that were to claim their attention, acted in a manner very different from what is generally practised with regard to travellers. It is customary to wait till their eyes are fixed on any particular work of art or nature, and then to call off their attention by an ill-timed display of knowledge, which confuses their ideas, and explains away their power of observa-

tion. The princes were, on the contrary, prepared for the historical part of the scene, and they were not importunately disturbed from making their own reflections on the objects as they appeared to them: they were consequently left to an exertion of their judgment, and we were far from being displeased with the remarks which it produced.

When we returned to the villa, we found Asinius Gallus* walking with Lepidus in the portico, and relating, with a vehemence natural to him, the affair of Varilia Apuleia.† To the crimes of which she is accused, has lately been added the charge of speaking disrespectfully of the late emperor, of Tiberius, and of his mother. Asinius exclaimed loudly against the application of laws, first intended for the safety of the people, to the support of despotism in the reigning family; and inveighed, with acrimonious warmth, against the part which he supposed Tiberius would act in this affair. Lepidus answered him with coolness and moderation, saying, that he conceived Tiberius had too much understanding not to reflect, that it was as

* Annals of Tacitus, in various places, and other authors.

† Tacitus, Book ii.

imprudent to punish discourses like those of Varilia, as it was unjustifiable to utter them. At this moment entered Messala, and the younger Valerius Maximus. My uncle, who had hitherto been silent, took occasion, from their arrival, to change the topic of conversation, and questioned Maximus on his literary pursuits. He replied, that it was his intention to compose a volume, of MEMORABLE EXAMPLES,* selected from the Roman history, and from that of foreign nations, which he would class under the distinct heads of virtues and vices.

Valerius, who knows the disposition of Maximus, applauded his design, but admonished him to avoid bestowing excessive praises on any modern. "You would undoubtedly wish," said he, "that your work should be read and approved by posterity; I know you too well to suspect that you will give a false representation of any great characters who may have been connected with an oppressed or unfortunate party: you will do them justice: but if you speak of those in power, with only the encomiums that may be strictly their due, you will, notwithstanding, be accounted a flatterer. I would likewise counsel you against entering into a detail of

* This work still extant.

religious ceremonies, as it is difficult to relate the circumstances which gave rise to them, without adopting popular errors and fabulous traditions. Content yourself with recording those anecdotes which may teach our descendants to support the cause of virtue, and to stop the progress of degeneracy. You have studied much; your reflections will be elegant and accurate; you will preserve the memory of many great actions performed by obscure persons, and consequently omitted by historians in general; a pleasing, and I could almost say, a god-like task! Impartial Heaven had the same rewards in store for the faithful slave of Panopion, who suffered himself to be killed, that he might save the life of his proscribed master, as for the illustrious Regulus, who eternized his name by that faith and magnanimity, which all nations, and all ages will celebrate."

As you are not unacquainted, my friend, with the character of Maximus, you will easily judge which part of the instructions of Valerius he is most likely to follow.

Messala was, during this time, engaged in a dispute with Gallus, on the different merits of our modern orators. Each of them, being the son of a man celebrated for eloquence, conclud-

ed that he had an hereditary right to decide on this topic. So natural is it sometimes to suppose that the gifts of nature descend like those of fortune. Messala, who had by far the advantage in solidity of argument, was seconded by Lepidus: but their reasons could not prevail against the volubility of Asinius, he persisted in his opinion, and harangued till the ground of the question was forgotten, and till he had warmed himself sufficiently to declare, that his father* was superior to Cicero in every faculty that constitutes an orator. His two opponents avoided making any reply to this declaration, which determined him to appeal to Valerius.

"As to Pollio," said my uncle, "I ever revered his talents, and respected his virtues; he was the friend of my father,* and though he did not think proper to take the same active part in the war between Anthony and Octavius, Poplicola spoke highly of the propriety of his conduct, and considered him as one of the few persons who were not ungrateful to the unfortunate Triumvir. His eloquence has never been ques-

* He wrote a book to prove it, which was refuted by the emperor Claudius.

† Poplicola, who commanded the right wing at the battle of Actium with Marc Anthony. Plutarch.

tioned, but that of Cicero admits of no comparison: yet do not imagine, Asinius, that I mean to detract from the merit of your father by this assertion. Cicero lived at a time in which the commonwealth still existed, though in the midst of faction and civil war: in those days must be dated the triumph of eloquence, a talent which owes its being to liberty, and usually becomes destructive to its parent. Our republic had arrived at the summit of its greatness: every advantage which experience and learning could bestow, was open to the man of genius; and the most important interests were to be discussed before active rivals and enlightened audiences; what more is necessary to form an orator? Asinius Pollio* retained much of the ancient perfection: his style was copious and elegant, that of Messala interesting and persuasive: they were as much superior to us, as I am afraid our followers will be inferior. It would be fruitless to expect, in the present circumstances, the severe

* For the character of these orators see Tacitus Dial. de Orat. Quintilian, &c.

The Romans were naturally eloquent, but oratory did not become a science amongst them before the end of the second punic war.

gravity of Brutus, the strength and spirit of Cæsar, or the accumulated excellencies of Cicero. While we read their works, we may save from total extinction the fire which animated their bosoms; but the flame cannot burn with the same vehemence and lustre; nor can we, like Prometheus, be supplied from the pure source that once enlightened, but would now consume us. Happy were those ages in which oratory was neither studied nor regretted! They were the ages of the Decii, of the Fabii, of the Marcelli."

The hour of repast here broke in upon the conversation, and, as soon as this was over, Asinius returned to his house at Præneste, where he has been staying some days with Vipsania* and his family. Messala and his friend set out for Rome by a beautiful moonlight: the British princes retired to rest, and I remained with Valerius and Lepidus in a semicircular colonnade,

* Daughter of Marcus Agrippa and Pomponia, married first to Tiberius, afterwards to Asinius Gallus; it was remarked that she was the only child of Agrippa who died a natural death; she was the mother of Drusus.

designed by Vitruvius* for my grandfather Poplicola, who was one of his chief patrons. It was originally ornamented with the busts of Anacreon, Theocritus, Sappho, Alcæus, and Simonides, to which Valerius has added those of Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus. On the pedestal of each is a bass-relief alluding to their works. I was greatly pleased with those of Cupid asking admittance at the door of Anacreon, Danäe exposed on the billows with her child, the doves covering the infant Horace with leaves of myrtle and laurel, Delia weeping over the urn of her lover, and Gallus complaining of the cruel Lycoris to Apollo, and the Sylvan deities. This elegant building is open to a large extent of garden, perfumed by a variety of flowers, and particularly of roses,† with which this country abounds at all seasons of the year.

It was here that Poplicola chiefly resided, after Augustus became master of the empire; and from this place the poet Horace addressed to the elder Lollius his epistle‡ on the moral lessons to

* The celebrated architect lived in the time of Julius Cæsar and Augustus.

† Palestrine is still famous for roses.

‡ Book i. Epistle 2.

be found in Homer. Near the spot where now stands his bust, he used to instruct my mother, when a child, to repeat with accuracy and grace the secular ode,* in the performance of which she was eminently distinguished.

After we were left to ourselves, Lepidus declared it was very astonishing to hear Asinius declaim so violently against the emperor in private societies, whilst he often gave his vote in compliance with the most extravagant demands of power, observing that he had neither the merit of firmness, nor the circumspection of prudence, and that probably he would fall an unpitied sacrifice to his own duplicity.

"I agree with you," answered Valerius, "as to the imprudence of his conduct, but I believe it proceeds merely from temerity and ambition. He dislikes Tiberius, but he wishes to retain the influence acquired by his connexion with the Cæsarian family. I remember† that when Augustus, a short time before his death, was giving his opinion of the leading characters in the senate, he said that you, Lepidus, had the talents

* The secular games were celebrated in the year of Rome 737.

† Tacitus, Book i.

and qualifications necessary to render yourself master of the empire, but added, that you would disdain thus to profit by them. His judgment of Asinius Gallus was directly opposite; he believed him desirous of becoming the ruler of his country, but unequal to the arduous task of obtaining such an elevated station. Your moderation has always kept you no less distant from petulant opposition, than from mean servility. You are therefore respected and honoured by the reigning prince, though your ancestor was the rival of Augustus, and your father his victim. On the contrary, I believe there is not a man existing to whom Tiberius has a greater aversion than to Gallus. He never forgave him for marrying Vipsania after he himself had divorced her in compliance with the request of Augustus. I know not whether you were informed of a circumstance which happened during your absence from Italy: he met her by accident, and so much disorder was visible in his countenance, that she was enjoined to avoid, for the future, all places where Tiberius might appear. Unhappy with Julia, mistrustful of all who surrounded him, he regretted being deprived of the only person to whom he had a real attachment; even now, he is wretched whenever Drusus frequents

the house of Asinius, though he cannot, with any propriety, deny him the permission of visiting a mother whom he tenderly loves."

I was affected, my friend, with what I heard relative to the affection of Tiberius for Vipsania; it was the first time I had ever felt for him a sentiment of pity. Who knows, thought I, how much his disposition may have been changed by a proceeding unworthy of Augustus? But a moment's reflection told me that Tiberius had no right to complain when he would meanly submit to such a request. I could not refrain from exclaiming, "How different was the conduct of Julius Cæsar, whom all the menaces of Sylla could not induce to break the union he had formed with a daughter of the cruel dictator's greatest enemy!"

Valerius smiled at the warmth with which I spoke, and told me, he was well assured that no consideration would ever prevail with me to sacrifice my affections to fear or ambition: "I know not of any motive," added he, "which can authorize an action of this nature: whatever is in itself wrong and disgraceful, is not to be justified even by the plea of necessity."

"I am very sensible of his dislike to all intercourse with the house of Gallus," interrupted

Lepidus, "but I always attributed it to the pride inherent for so many ages in the Claudian family: I concluded that Tiberius wished to obliterate, as far as possible, every remembrance of his connexion with Vipsania; who, though a daughter of the great Agrippa, was supposed to degrade the family images by introducing amongst them that of Pomponius Atticus, a Roman knight, who never enjoyed any dignities in the republic. It must be owned that great and important services have been rendered to the state by the numerous heroes of the Claudian race; but the Decemvir Appius; the haughty dame who wished her brother had lost more citizens from the commonwealth, that she might not have been incommoded with a crowd; and the supercilious obstinacy with which even the best of the Claudii always fomented the disputes between the patricians and plebeians, are all melancholy examples, and fatal prognostics, which have been neglected till too late! How different was the character of the Julian race! And how certain this truth, that winning affability establishes dominion, and lofty despotism takes advantage of it!"

Lepidus now withdrew, and Valerius, having staid a few minutes longer, gave me every reason

to hope that he would soon gratify my fondest wishes. After he left me, I found it impossible to compose myself to rest; my heart and my imagination were fully employed; I wandered into the gardens, and, invited by the soft lustre of the moon, directed my steps towards a long avenue of elms, which decorate the plantations. I had scarcely entered the walk when I observed a person who retreated at my approach; this engaged me to follow, and by the stature and gait it appeared to be Drusus. You will conceive my agitation; I pursued him in haste, but he took a different path, and was lost to my sight. I spent the greatest part of the night in fruitless search; and this morning I went to the house of Asinius to enquire for him, when I was told that he had been there, but was then on his way to Rome. I immediately hastened our departure, having first interrogated the servants of Valerius, whether they knew that Drusus had been at Præneste. They reported that he had been seen by several of them in the gardens, which are open to all; but that he had not expressed any desire to visit their master.

On my arrival here, I went to the palace where he was said to be hourly expected, but not yet arrived; and that probably he had taken the

road of Tusculum. You have no idea, my friend, of my embarrassment. Happily Valerius returns to-morrow, and it is impossible that Drusus can for ever escape me.

LETTER LXXVI.

I AM astonished and deeply affected, my friend, at what I have heard since closing my last letter; my apprehensions are dreadful, my indignation is beyond expression; I have scarcely fortitude to relate what has passed.

No sooner did I hear that Valerius was returned from Præneste, than I went to his house, and found him engaged with many of his friends. Having obtained permission to visit his lovely daughter, I flew to her apartment elated with joy and tenderness. She was in tears, and had not power to welcome me: you will conceive how much I was alarmed: I entreated her to disclose the cause of this affliction, which surprised and terrified me, at a time when all conspired to diffuse satisfaction and transport around us. She desired me to follow her into the garden, where, as soon as we were at some distance from her attendants, she shewed me a letter which she had received from Drusus on her arrival in town.

After the warmest declarations of a passion,

which he professes to have combated and concealed since the first moment he saw her, because he was sensible of the obstacles that opposed his happiness, he declares that he is now resolved to be divorced from Livia, and has not only the consent, but the approbation of Tiberius to offer his hand to Valeria. He requests permission to see her; complains that he has often attempted it in vain while at Prœneste; and promises to explain whatever may have the appearance of precipation or indelicacy in his conduct. He conjures her not to reject a proposal on which depends the fate of one far dearer to her than herself; and concludes by assuring her that his entreaties are dictated, not more by his ardent affection for her, than by his profound and constant veneration for her father.

After I had read the letter, Valeria asked me with a faultering voice what I thought of the contents: I was incapable of returning an answer: a chilly horror glided through my veins; and the fatal mystery disclosed itself to my indignant imagination with all the strength of conviction. I remained silent, and revolved in my agitated mind the various consequences that might attend any sudden determination. Valeria trembled, and looked on me with inexpressi-

ble concern. "Marcus," said she, "this silence is more painful to me than words of the most fatal import; think in what a dreadful state of suspense I have passed the moments since my receiving this letter. Assist me, guide me through the dreary labyrinth in which I am involved—I cannot support that look of despair."

"It is not despair," answered I; "it is resentment—it is fury. I have from the first been jealous of some sinister designs in Drusus, but did not expect this dreadful discovery, and that he would have used menaces for the accomplishment of his wishes—Give me the letter—I will seek this detested disturber of our felicity—I will cancel in his blood those obligations on which he sets so immense a value."

These, or similar expressions, were suggested to me by the momentary madness which had seized me. Valeria turned pale, and, with a voice that might have soothed the anger of a savage, entreated me to calm myself: she said the passion with which I was transported made me incapable of reflection; that, when I resumed my usual tranquillity, I might perhaps discover that Drusus had been constrained to act in this manner, and that we might be unjust in supposing him so guilty as he appeared. This observa-

tion, far from appeasing, added fuel to my rage: a kind of momentary frenzy suggested to me that Valeria might seek to excuse Drusus from motives of partiality—I know not what I said—my senses were disordered; and I did not recover myself till I perceived that, overcome by anguish, she had sunk fainting on the border of a fountain near which we stood. It was some time before she revived: and I then conjured her to pardon the violence into which I had been betrayed by excess of affliction.

"Alas!" said Valeria, "my apprehensions have taken from me the power of explaining what I wish, or what I fear; I would have you speak to Drusus, engage him to acknowledge whether it is by an absolute order of the emperor, that he has written to me this fatal letter, or whether any choice is left me beside the dreadful alternative of committing parricide, or pronouncing vows which my heart can never justify. O Marcus! if eternal seclusion from the world; if to bid farewell to my father, and to you, would satisfy the cruelty of our enemies, and save me from a crime, I would complete the sacrifice—but I fear it would be of no avail—All I entreat of you at present, is, to rise superior to your passions, and not to suffer a destructive though

just indignation to prevent you from taking the only measure through which I can perceive a ray of hope. Speak calmly to Drusus: tell him that I esteem his virtues, and would save him from lasting stings of self-reproach; when reflection, too late, convinces him that by one act of tyranny he forfeits the friendship of Germanicus, degrades the sacred honour of his family, and consigns Valeria to perpetual misery. He will then be sensible of his error, and will prevent its dreadful consequences; he will listen to your admonitions: but your menaces could only end in the extinction of every hope that now supports me. Promise me you will restrain your anger—I have no trust but in yourself—I am not accustomed to act without the advice of a father: this is the first event I have ever concealed from his knowledge: twice was I on the point of disclosing the fatal secret, when, happily, my reason interposed, and reminded me that perhaps we may owe his preservation to his being for ever ignorant of the shameful proposal."

I could not disobey the commands of Valeria, promising to suppress my emotions, and left her that I might go in search of Drusus; but he was in the apartment of Germanicus, a place at this time ill suited to our meeting. I did not enter,

as it would have been impossible for me to conceal my agitation; and I have still some expectation of bringing him to a sense of honour, without divulging a circumstance which must for ever disturb the quiet of the Cæsarian family. I have desired that Drusus may be acquainted how earnestly I wish to speak with him alone. Farewell, Septimius; I am once more going in search of him; but, whatever may be the consequences of our meeting, be assured that my affection for Valeria, however ardent, is not the only cause of my indignation against him. I cannot blame him for being sensible of her perfections, though I would contend for the possession of them against the universe; nor will I relinquish them while I have life: but the dishonourable manner in which it appears he would obtain her, is repugnant to every principle and duty that we hold sacred among mankind.

LETTER LXXVII.

IMMERSED in the gulph of misery, it is with difficulty, my friend, that I can collect my wandering spirits to communicate to you the horrors of our fate. I yesterday bade you adieu, in the intention of seeking Drusus; I found he waited for my return; he was alone, and we retired to the remotest apartment. I represented to him, with sufficient calmness, the respect which the dignity and virtues of Valerius had a right to command; I repeated to him the injunctions of Valeria, and required a full explanation of the letter which had raised her alarms and excited my resentment.

Drusus at first endeavoured to palliate the expressions he had used, and affirmed that he had long been attached to Valeria.

"Is it surprising," said he, "that I should wish, by an union with the most amiable of her sex, to secure my own happiness, and free myself from a connexion with Livia, who has neither a

regard for me nor for Germanicus. He is too just, and too sensible of the misconduct of his sister to resent a step which would be conducive to the general tranquillity of our family. Livia was never my choice; the will of Augustus directed our union; and after the first emotion of offended pride has subsided, she will rejoice to be set at liberty from an alliance of which she has never known the value, nor practised the duties."

I remonstrated with your friend on the impossibility of his obtaining the consent of Valeria, or of her father. "You will perhaps," said I, "consider my remonstrance as interested; and I frankly confess that I love Valeria beyond every other consideration except my honour; but it is that, and not my passion, which now speaks. Think not that ever I will permit you to receive her hand; you have rendered yourself unworthy of it by the insidious means you employed for obtaining intelligence of the place of my uncle's retreat; by your unsolicited interference in the concerns of our family; by your mysterious conduct throughout the whole of this proceeding; and, lastly, by the shameful advantage you have taken of your influence with Tiberius, in seeking to intimidate a daughter, whose

tenderness and piety might lead her to sacrifice her own peace of mind to the safety of her father. Reflect on the unmanly part you have acted: recall to mind the honourable principles of your ancestors; shew yourself worthy of the name of Drusus; for that of Cæsar has been made subservient to the purposes of despotism. Cast off the borrowed majesty which cannot make you formidable to men who set no value on their lives, but as they are useful to the republic; and forbear to blast the growing virtues, which may render you dear to Rome, by an action only becoming a Tarquin.

Drusus remained some moments silent: at length he rose hastily, and taking me by the hand, "Marcus!" said he with emotion, "I am guilty, and I confess my guilt; educated amidst flatterers and slaves, I have known no bounds to my will; and as I could not obtain your confidence, I employed unworthy means to be informed of the place to which Valerius was exiled: but I swear to all the immortal Gods, that my intentions were honourable and disinterested. You will not suppose that fear can sway the heart of Drusus; I avow my fault in order to clear myself from the other aspersions you have thrown on me. Hear me pa-

tiently, and then indulge your resentment: I will not say but my love for Valeria might influence my zeal for her father's return; but I did not then hope for her hand as the reward of my success. I wished indeed that she might owe his deliverance to me: the rest I left to time and to herself. I made use of every argument that might engage my father to comply with my request for the recall of Valerius; I pleaded your services, and the unvaried tenor of your uncle's conduct, the love and veneration of his fellow-citizens, and the odium to which the emperor would be exposed if he refused restoring him to Rome. At length Tiberius yielded to my earnest request; but it was on a condition which I accepted not without a sense of the difficulties I should experience, and of the want of generosity with which I should be accused. But reflect on my situation —'Drusus,' said the emperor, 'I am not unacquainted with your sentiments for Valeria: you are incited by something more than respect for her father, to solicit his recall: I consent to your desire, on condition you persuade Valeria to become your wife. This alliance can alone remove the apprehensions which the extensive influence of Titus Valerius, and the instability of human fortune, create in my mind. I have more reasons for what I now urge than it is necessary

to communicate to you: it is enough that you are informed the safety of this empire, and of the Julian family, depends on our securing, or annihilating the over-grown power of the man, whom you imprudently wish to restore to the senate. I will give orders that he shall be conducted hither in a manner suitable to his dignity, and I will neglect no means to conciliate his friendship; and if you succeed in persuading his daughter to such an union, a task which surely cannot be difficult to the son of Tiberius, my fears will be ended, and I shall even be led to approve the temerity of that conduct, which has had such fortunate issue. But should these designs be ineffectual, I must inform you that Valerius and your father cannot exist at one time: my resolves are unalterable, therefore you have no time to lose. Your proceeding has constrained me to act in a manner that leaves you no alternative but to consult your own inclinations, and promote the interest of your family, or to destroy the person whom you wish to save. It shall be my care to satisfy Germanicus and Livia."

"Can you blame me, Marcus," continued the prince, "if I had not the magnanimity, or rather the cruelty, to refuse this offered blessing? I was convinced that Valeria would revolt

from my proposal, unless her father supported it by his counsel and authority; I knew he would reject it with scorn, if he were acquainted with the terms on which Tiberius permitted me to make it; and I had no room to hope that he would listen to my suit, except he had reason to imagine that Valeria's inclinations corresponded with mine. I knew not any means that could induce her to use her interest with her father, except by insinuating that his future fate depended on her compliance; for I durst not hope, what would have been my first wish, to owe this inestimable blessing to her favourable sentiments for me."

You may imagine my dearest friend, the consternation with which I listened to the discourse of Drusus; I here interrupted him with exclamations against the tyranny of Tiberius, and the unjust suspicions which he pretended to entertain of Valerius. I was overwhelmed with the dreadful truth of which I had always formed some vague conjectures, but from which my mind had recoiled with horror. I must, however, do your friend the justice to say, that he appeared conscious of his fault, and deeply afflicted with the fatal consequences that must ensue from it; but he still entreated that I would prevail on Valeria to accept his proposal,

and that I would be the advocate of his passion.

O Septimius! I am ready to meet tortures and death to preserve Valerius; nay more —I feel that I have fortitude for a severer trial——; but never, never will Valerius consent to so dishonourable an alliance! Had we the power of disguising our looks and actions, were our sentiments to be for ever concealed from his paternal penetration, his own wisdom would tell him that Tiberius did not approve of the proposal but from interested and unworthy views. No; he will never yield to a proposal so repugnant to his principles: he is lost; and the dissembling tyrant, with a refinement of cruelty peculiar to himself, would make his children strike the blow that is to destroy him! How can I inform Valeria of the fatal conversation that has passed between myself and Drusus! How can I meet the eyes of that great, that venerated man, whom I will not, whom I cannot survive!—My friend, never till now was I acquainted with real misfortune; all other sorrows might be endured with fortitude, but this surpasses the strength of human reason.

LETTER LXXVIII.

IT is matter of surprise to me, Septimius, that I still retain the use of my senses; and had I wholly lost them, I should be far less wretched. I have been with Valeria; her terrors and afflictions have preyed on her health, and the malice of Tiberius may soon be doubly satiated. Alarmed at the illness of his daughter, Valerius never leaves her; and her eyes are in vain directed to me for consolation. I dare not, even by a look, give hopes that may encourage and deceive her: a mournful silence reigns in the apartment; despair and anxiety are painted by turns on her beauteous, though languid, countenance; and the tender cares of her father encrease her sufferings.

I know not how to support the melancholy scene; and cannot behold Valerius without reflecting that a few days, nay a few hours, may for ever deprive me of this inestimable parent, and plunge Valeria into the abyss of

wretchedness! Her father observes my affliction; he attributes it solely to my concern for his daughter; but seeks in vain to account for the source of her apparent distress, while our mutual sufferings are inexpressibly increased by the impossibility of giving vent to our feelings, and by the necessity of disguising our sentiments from Valerius.

I write to you from his apartment, where I am retired from the torment of constraint, and where I can open my heart to Septimius. O! my friend, bear with the incoherent expressions of my despair; receive them as proofs of my friendship and confidence: I have not power to answer the various expostulations of your letters; but your goodness is engraved deeply on my heart, and can only be effaced with life. Your messenger waits, and I must close the packet: farewell! my dear Septimius! Heaven knows if we shall meet again! Is it possible that I can live with honour, and not revenge Valerius? Has not my return precipitated his fate?

I learn that Drusus is at this moment with

Valerius; what will be the result of their conversation? I must take this opportunity of acquainting the unhappy Valeria with what passed yesterday between Drusus and myself. It is necessary she should know it, and yet how do I dread to give her the information.

LETTER LXXIX.

I RESUME the melancholy history of our fate, which seems suspended for a moment; but our present situation is like the gloomy calm that intervenes between the bursts of thunder in a storm. If my memory does not fail me, when I last wrote, I mentioned that Drusus was engaged in private conference with Valerius, and that I had summoned all my remaining resolution to destroy, at one dreadful interview, the last hopes of his unhappy daughter.

She soon read the fatal intelligence in my countenance, and assured me she was prepared for the worst I had to relate. I repeated every thing that had passed; my heart was full; I could not forbear expressions of my unbounded tenderness, and vain complaints of the hopes, which my heart had fondly cherished, of finding in her the reward of all my sufferings. The lovely maid heard and shared in my anguish; our tears flowed in a mingled stream; we were both ready to sacrifice our mutual happiness for the safety

of Valerius; we confirmed each other in our resolution; but how, and in what manner, could we conceal within our bosoms the cause by which we were compelled to so cruel a sacrifice?

"If Drusus," said Valeria, "should persuade my father to consent to this fatal alliance, I will, I must acquiesce—but then—to counterfeit the sentiments of my heart, to deceive Valerius with a feigned attachment to the son of his murderer. Marcus! it is impossible—we may perish with him, but we cannot save him."

At this moment Valerius entered, he took his place near Valeria: neither of us durst enquire what had been the object of the visit of Drusus: he remained some time silent, and looked upon us both with such inexpressible affection, that by an involuntary motion we fell on our knees before him, and bathed his hands with our tears.

"My children!" said he, "rise and hear what your father requests from your filial piety: life is ever uncertain to all, and more especially to the man who loves his country, and supports her laws, at a time when many are interested in their destruction. Next to Rome, you are the objects of my care; let me then be assured of your future happiness, and enjoy the consolation

of seeing you joined by indissoluble bonds. I have long read the hearts of Marcus and Valeria; I see they are firmly united. When I imagined that fate had deprived me of Marcus, I knew not where to find another worthy of Valeria: you were formed for each other, and all a father's hopes are excited by your mutual affection."

We attempted to speak, but had not power to reply, and our faltering words confirmed Valerius in the truth of his sentiments.

"My children," said he, resuming his discourse, "you wish to conceal from me a secret of which it is necessary I should be informed; your attempts to disguise it any longer are in vain: Drusus has been with me, and has demanded Valeria in marriage. The perturbation of mind, which has been visible in you both, convinces me that you are acquainted with this proposal, and that you suppose my safety depends on the acceptance of an alliance, which Tiberius would not have desired without interested views. I will not upbraid you with an error which had its source in your affection to me, but you are to remember that it is the honour, and not the safety of Valerius which you are now to consult, if your regard for me is such as I wish, and believe it to

be. You should not, Marcus, suffer yourself to be so far blinded by anxiety for my personal safety, as not to feel that nothing could justify so dishonourable a contract, not though it could have been possible to keep me for ever ignorant of the motives. I have not communicated my thoughts to Drusus; for I would not wish to humiliate him by any unnecessary declaration of my suspicions: I attribute his conduct merely to imprudence, and to that want of delicacy, which often is the result of too exalted, as well as too ignoble a station. I have refused to bestow on him my daughter, assuring him that I always intended her for Marcus: he used many arguments to shake my resolution, but I evidently perceived that he was ashamed of the part he has been acting. I desire that no enmity may subsist between him and you: his intentions were less guilty than they appeared.

"Disquiet not yourselves, my children, I shall await with composure the decisions of Tiberius, or the designs of those who may think it their interest to remove me from Rome. I shall frequent the senate, and visit my friends as usual, but shall go unarmed. I am not careless of life: my domestic enjoyments are perfectly conformable to my hopes, and the esteem of my fellow-citizens

gives me reason to suppose that my zeal for my country has not been without notice; but it is impossible to guard against the arts of treachery, and it is incompatible with my duty to avoid them. I must not see you thus alarmed for my sake: threats are often without effect, and the malice of our enemies is sometimes defeated by the unforeseen interposition of Providence, when human care would be of no avail."

Encouraged by the firmness of Valerius, I related to him every circumstance that had come to our knowledge, and we shewed him the letter of Drusus. He listened calmly to our narration, and then continued to compose our minds by various reasons tending to prove that our apprehensions had not sufficient foundation, or to arm us against whatever might happen.

Drusus came the next day, and informed me that he was ordered* by Tiberius immediately to join the Illyrian army. He expressed great contrition for the uneasiness he had given us, and assured me he had said all in his power to convince the emperor that he would wrong Valerius to imagine him his enemy. Drusus did not ask

* Tacitus, Book 2.

to see Valeria, but took leave of my uncle with such apparent sorrow and respect, as seemed to indicate his suspicions that the resolutions of Tiberius were unalterable. Notwithstanding these appearances, and the distrust which hangs over me, I am sometimes disposed to yield to the constant admonitions of Valerius. I am ashamed to testify my fears in his presence: his virtue awes me into silence, and I would willingly believe that no wretch can be sufficiently base to lift a sacrilegious hand against him.

Valeria has recovered her health, but not her former serenity; whenever her father is detained by public or private concerns beyond her expectation, she relapses into all the anxieties that first affected her. Why am I forbid by duty from destroying with one blow the cause of all our miseries, or perishing in the attempt!

Germanicus, who had long perceived a coolness between Livia and Drusus, has seriously admonished his sister to reform her conduct, and use every endeavour to regain the confidence of her husband. Whether it be from inclination or from suspicion of what has passed, she has, however, attended to his counsels, and desired permission to follow Drusus into Illyria. He is this morning departed, and Germanicus will soon

set out for his province, whither Agrippina accompanies him. The emperor is impatient to be alone: the presence of his sons alarms his jealous fears: a gloomy discontent is brooding in his mind, and the slightest circumstances give him umbrage. The pusillanimous wretch who lives in the continual dread of danger to himself is capable of every crime, and his torments increase as he plunges deeper into cruelty. My heart swells with indignation when I think that the brave and honest man may fall a victim to the coward and the artful. Valerius, undaunted in the midst of peril, and superior to all the malice or treachery of mankind, inspires me with the same heroism which animates his breast: often I reproach myself for distrusting the protection of Heaven in so just a cause, and persuade myself that Tiberius and his worthless ministers have not power to hurt him.

LETTER LXXX.

THIS morning, my friend, the contract was signed between Valeria and myself. Nothing could equal my felicity, if I were assured of the safety of our father; for such I love to call him. That part of his time which is not devoted to public business, is wholly consecrated to us: he passes hours in giving me useful lessons for the future conduct of my life, and inculcates every precept that can teach me to distinguish myself in the service of my country. He has taken the necessary steps for my advancement in the army, and has added another estate in the Sabine territories to that which Sigismar inhabits at Tibur. He omits nothing that can contribute to our satisfaction; but do not these cares imply that he expects to leave us? this dreadful idea embitters all my happiness.

The day is fixed for our marriage; but a melancholy foreboding seems to tell me that one fatal moment may blast my approaching joys. O! Septimius, I should be too greatly blest if these

terrors were not continually before me: I am not easy whenever I part from Valerius; whether in the senate or the forum I would still be near him. His friends appear to have caught the infection of my fears; they are always in crowds around him; or, perhaps, I attribute to them my sentiments, when they only seek his society from motives of affection, or desire to profit by his counsels.

The German legates are departed,* having received for answer, that as their sovereigns never assisted the Romans, when at war with the common enemy, no succours will be granted them against Arminius; but it has been promised, that Drusus shall hereafter be sent as a mediator to establish peace between them. I have written a few lines to communicate this pleasing intelligence to Sigismar, now Titus Valerius; and have at the same time acquainted him with his being enrolled in the equestrian order.

I have felt the utmost concern at parting from Germanicus: he passes through Illyria, to see his brother, and from thence will visit the most remarkable cities of Greece in his way to Syria. He leaves Rome with unusual regret; but is ill

* Tacitus, Book 2.

qualified by his frank and generous disposition to withstand the malicious artifice of Piso. "My friend," said he, "I am neither going to acquire glory, nor to oppose manly enemies: you have seen me undismayed in the most perilous engagements, but feel at present a repugnance which I attempt in vain to conquer; I cannot approve the origin of these troubles in the east: they arise from the vindictive temper of Tiberius, who could not, when a sovereign, forget the neglect he had experienced as a private citizen. You have heard that Archelaus fell a victim to his want of respect for the future emperor, when retired at Rhodes: his country must now be punished for this offence, and for the seditions excited by the disposal of the kingdom. These unwarlike nations will give me no additional glory, and all my actions will be misinterpreted or calumniated by Piso. How far his malice may extend is beyond my apprehension; but I would wish that the desires of my enemies might not be gratified till I had formed the tender minds of my children to the love of virtue and their country; for I cannot support the thought that misfortunes or prosperity should ever make them unworthy of their birth, or of the love which

their fellow citizens already testify to them and to their father."

Being here interrupted by the arrival of many of his friends, he changed the subject of conversation; and indeed it was the first time I ever heard him express a disapprobation of the measures of Tiberius, or complain of his own situation. I know not whether I must attribute every gloomy idea to my present state of mind, but when I parted from him, my too feeling heart seemed to portend that we should never meet again. My feet scarcely quitted the door of his apartment, when I wished to return, and bid him once more farewell; but I reproached myself with superstitious weakness, and slowly left the mansion of my beloved friend and valiant leader.

Another circumstance which increases my uneasiness is, that the treacherous Philocles has remained at Rome, and is frequently seen at the palace: like an evil genius he haunts the dwellings of the great, foments their vices, and becomes the minister of their injustice. Tiberius, it is said, delights in his literary talents: the wilds of fiction engage his attention, and make him for some moments forget that he is the unhappy master of the world.

He has lately enfranchised one of his slaves, named Phædrus, who writes moral fables,* in imitation of those of Esop, with great simplicity and purity of language. Tiberius therefore knows the value of freedom, since he makes it the reward of liberal sentiments, and yet he dares to call that man his enemy who adheres to the honourable principles transmitted through a line of heroes.

I have warned the British princes against forming any connexion with the dangerous Greek; it is the only service I have been capable of rendering them since my mind has been thrown into this cruel agitation.

* These fables are still extant.

LETTER LXXXI.

I HAVE matters of so much importance to relate, such awful events to communicate to you, my friend, that I dispatch a messenger on purpose to inform you of all that has passed since the date of my last letter: this attention is justly due to your invariable friendship.

As I was engaged in conversation with Valerius on the day following the departure of Germanicus, and lamented with him the absence of a hero who seems formed to justify the affection of the Roman people, Cornelius Dolabella enquired for me, and, with a pale and altered countenance, entreated that I would immediately accompany him to his house. "A sudden illness," said he, "has seized Aurelia: death hovers over her, and she has conjured me not to lose a moment in conducting you to her presence—some important secret agitates her mind, and adds terrors to the fatal malady.

I wanted no further incitement, but instantly followed him with anxiety and perturbation.

Though my passion for Aurelia had long since been effaced, I felt much for her melancholy situation, and entered with trembling steps the apartment to which Dolabella conducted me. It is not possible to tell how deeply I was affected when I beheld the livid paleness that disfigured her beauteous face: she bade me welcome with a troubled voice, and desired both Dolabella and myself to approach nearer to her couch: we obeyed in silence, when, ordering her women, and the physician Celsus, to withdraw, "Marcus Flaminius," said she, "I have sent for you to supplicate your forgiveness, and I know too well your generosity not to be assured that you will grant me this request, and likewise obtain for me the forgiveness of Dolabella, I have much to say, and I know not whether I shall have strength to acquit myself of the painful task; a mortal poison flows in my veins—I feel its effects, and must be brief."

Nothing can exceed the horror with which we were seized: we conjured her to suspend her narrative, and take such remedies as might yet save her; but she interrupted us abruptly, and, declaring that the power of art could not avail, proceeded nearly in these words, so far as the

troubled state of my mind allowed me to collect them.

"I am conscious," continued she, "of the errors into which I have fallen; actuated by self love, I neither suffered reflection nor sensibility to disturb my peace: early in life I had adopted the maxim of being superior to my sex, by securing my heart from the impressions of love, and my mind from the usual prejudices of women. I was sensible of the reprehension and inconveniences to which such a character would expose me, and therefore concealed it with all the artifice of which I was mistress. I doubt not, Marcus, you considered my love to you as real, which, indeed, you had every reason to suppose; but the preference with which I distinguished you, was owing to your behaviour on your first campaign; to the approbation of Rome in general, and to the advantages you possessed above your equals in rank, or in age. My pride was flattered by your passion, and I saw with pleasure your departure for Germany, in the idea, which has since been realized, that you would acquire new glory, and that the object of your choice might one day become the most distinguished woman in her country. When the news of the defeat of Varus,

and of the destruction of his army, arrived at Rome, I was not insensible of the disappointment; my ambition felt the blow, and I looked round with mortification on those whom I had rejected as your inferiors. Cornelius Dolabella was the most eminent of your rivals; his merits obtained universal applause, and I chose him with all that coolness and reflection which parental authority might have dictated. My parents were too indulgent not to acquiesce in my choice, and had too much confidence in my prudence, not to suffer their inclinations to be directed by mine. When you returned, covered with laurels, I felt a disquietude not to be described; I sometimes regretted that you had survived the engagement of Teutoburgium, as your subsequent honours, which surpassed even my expectation, could no longer be communicated to me; and much oftener I lamented that precipitation with which I had made a second election. You are sensible that I essayed every art imaginable to regain your affection, though your generosity would have concealed it from Dolabella: all that has past will soon be indifferent to me, and it is but just that you should both be acquainted with the truth. After the humiliating scene that passed in the gardens of the Palatine, a humiliation

which I felt the more severely from your delicacy on that occasion, I lost all patience; my mind was in perpetual agitation; I foresaw that if you discovered the retreat of Valerius, you would undoubtedly be captivated by the graces and virtues of Valeria. Her filial affection to her father, and the excessive affliction which she had felt on the death of a mother, whom she most tenderly revered, convinced me that she had a heart capable of feeling and answering the sensibility of yours. I then, for the first time, repented that artificial conduct by which my life had been directed, and yet I had recourse to new artifices for the prevention of what I feared: I possessed a great share in the confidence of Livia, and consequently must have some intercourse with Sejanus. It is true, I always entertained for him the contempt he merits, but his influence with Tiberius made it necessary that I should avoid openly offending him: on this occasion I communicated to the favourite my thoughts, that nothing could induce you to relinquish the search you were about to undertake, till you had succeeded in the discovery of Valerius. He naturally feared the return of your uncle, and knew no means of preventing it without raising suspicion. As the admiration of Drusus

for Valeria, had long been no secret to Sejanus and myself, we agreed that I should persuade him to recommend to you, by the intervention of Germanicus, the Sicilian slave, by whose means he might be informed of all your proceedings. Drusus, whose impetuous and imprudent character is ever open even to the designs of his enemies, is still more easily influenced by any woman who has the advantages of person and understanding. He listened attentively to my insinuations; and though he was at first disgusted with the proposal of placing a slave near you to betray your measures, he at length was moved by the apprehensions, which I industriously encouraged, that Sejanus, for whom he has the utmost detestation, might prevent the return of Valerius, if he did not anticipate your application, and secure the consent of Tiberius to the restoration of your uncle, before Sejanus could be informed that you had discovered the place of his exile. This consideration, and a wish that Valeria might be indebted to him for the return of her father, conquered every scruple; and he determined to make use of the slave in case you declined to confide in his friendship, and to give him the early intelligence he required."

The wretched Aurelia was here constrained to pause by tortures, the effects of which I shuddered to behold; at length she recovered herself, and proceeded:

"The misguided Drusus had not the slightest suspicion that I acted in concert with Sejanus; on the contrary, he believed that I wished to counteract his schemes, and obviate their malignity.* Sejanus from motives of ambition, has long paid his court to Livia, and she has had the weakness to shew a partiality for him which emboldens him to every attempt: I proposed, and he readily adopted the plan of persuading the emperor to lay before his son, when he came to solicit the return of Valerius, the alternative of an union with Valeria, or the destruction of her father. Sejanus hoped by the divorce of Livia to obtain her for himself, and thus form a solid basis for his exaltation, by an alliance with the family of his sovereign. He made a merit with the emperor of having investigated the designs of Drusus, and found means to increase his fears of Valerius by representations of the vindictive steps he might pursue, if not

* Tacitus, Book 4.

prevented by being secured firmly to the interest of the court. Tiberius was the more willing to put such advice in execution, as he concluded it must certainly sow discord between Drusus and Germanicus, whose unshaken friendship is to him a source of constant uneasiness. Thus did the ruling passions of all the persons, concerned in this transaction, induce them to cooperate, though from different motives, in a plot which the blindness of disappointed ambition did not allow me to consider with the detestation it deserved: I imagined, and believe Sejanus was of the same opinion, that Valeria would be immediately intimidated and accept without hesitation the proposal of Drusus. Sejanus, unprepared for the discoveries of your Cheruscan, was astonished at the generous demeanour of Valerius, when he gave the narrative of his absence to the senate; and the emperor was so much struck with his candour and magnanimity, that he began to lose his apprehensions, and even to upbraid the favourite with having falsely accused him. This alarmed Sejanus and made him endeavour to adduce pretended proofs of the designs of your uncle. The Grecian Philocles was introduced to me as a man of ge-

nius and literature, by some persons of his nation* who had a share in my education, and to whom I continued my protection. Philocles had formed, in my society, an intimacy with Sejanus; who selected him as a man proper to invent and combine such circumstances as might appear credible to Tiberius. The Greek began by insinuations, and succeeded so far in gaining the emperor's confidence, that at length he prevailed on him to believe all that his favourite had reported: I joined in this unworthy confederacy, till I learned from Drusus that every hope of his marriage with Valeria was at an end: I then felt all the infamy of my conduct, and the remorse of Drusus made a deep impression upon me: I trembled at the reflection on my guilt, and warmly remonstrated with Sejanus and Philocles on the necessity of undeceiving the emperor. They were insensible to entreaties, declaring that they were too far advanced to recede; and Sejanus pretended to be almost assured that a conspiracy did exist and would be headed by Valerius for the destruction of the emperor and his adherents, if not timely prevented. Philocles when left with

* Tacitus, Dialog. de Orat.

me alone, appeared more inclined to retract his former accusations, but I am now fatally convinced of the whole extent of his perfidy. He supped with me last night; and the pains which will soon put an end to my existence, are justly inflicted upon me by the agency of a wretch whom I have had the meanness to employ for the most treacherous purposes; he has hoped by my death to prevent the discovery of his guilt, but I have disclosed to you the criminal secret, and shall expire with less regret—if you can succeed in undeceiving Tiberius, you may still save your uncle—all access to him from me has been tried in vain."

While Aurelia was speaking, a servant arrived from Valerius, and desired me to attend him immediately: I obeyed, leaving the miserable Aurelia with assurances of my forgiveness, and her husband petrified with astonishment and horror.

I found Valerius alone; the evening was far advanced! he had been writing, and held in his hand a sealed packet.

"My son," said he, "I have received intelligence of a detestable conspiracy, which, if not instantly prevented, will involve this city in flames and carnage before the appearance of to-mor-

row's sun. I have sent for you to carry this letter to the emperor; it contains every necessary information, and the proofs of my fidelity. I have no doubt either of your resolution or firmness to your duty; but, in times like these, we must bind ourselves by the most solemn ties to preserve untainted the sacred spirit which should animate the breast of every Roman: swear that no consideration shall engage you to raise a sacrilegious hand against your prince, or to disturb the tranquillity of your country."

Valerius spoke these words with a dignity that seemed more than mortal: I swore, obedient to his dictates; and he then embraced me with inexpressible tenderness: I related to him as briefly as possible the awful scene of which I had been a witness, and the discovery made by the dying Aurelia. He hastened my departure: "Go, my son," said that excellent man, "present this letter: Tiberius will have no further doubt of my truth: farewell! may your virtue be your guard, and every blessing attend you!"

Again he held me to his breast, and then resumed his place with his usual composure.

I went immediately to the palace, and demanded admittance, which was at first refused

me, but afterwards granted, when I insisted on the immediate delivery of the letter with which I was entrusted. I found Tiberius and Sejanus in the most remote apartment of the palace. The emperor had scarcely opened the packet, and looked over the first lines, when he turned pale and trembled; he read through the contents with every token of confusion, and, taking Sejanus by the arm, led him into the adjoining room. They soon returned: their countenances were disfigured with guilt: their looks seemed directed on each other as by stealth; but they studiously avoided meeting my eyes by fixing theirs on the ground. I heard orders given for doubling the prætorian guards on duty; Sejanus left the room, and returned several times, but not a word was addressed to me. It was now the fourth hour of the night, and when the emperor heard it announced by the soldiers in the court, he started from his seat as if stung by the furies. In vain I inquired whether my assistance would avail, and offered to expose my life in his defence; I repeated to him the oath which Valerius had enjoined me to take, and assured him no power on earth could compel me to violate it. He still was silent—at length the commander of the guard

appeared, and whispered a few words to Sejanus, which the latter communicated to the emperor in the same manner. Tiberius yet held in his hand the letter of my uncle: he then presented it to me with these words: "Marcus, forgive me; I have been deceived;" and, immediately retiring with the minister, he closed the door upon me.

I am to this moment surprised how I survived the perusal of the letters; the first was written in a hand unknown to me, and addressed to Valerius; it was conceived in the following terms:

"If you wish to deliver your country from oppressive tyranny, and to vindicate the ancient rights and liberties of Rome, the glorious occasion is now offered. This night Tiberius and Sejanus, with all their adherents, bleed in expiation of the crimes they have committed; the plot is laid with impenetrable secrecy; before to-morrow's dawn the palace will be in flames, and the traces of despotism effaced. If you refuse to join us, your death, which has been already decreed by the tyrant, is inevitable; and the writer of this is charged with the execution of his sentence. At the fourth hour of the night

he will appear, and receive your final answer; we doubt not that you will prefer life and liberty to death and dishonour: your memory will be for ever blasted if you reject our proffered support, and all attempts that you may make to prove your innocence will be fruitless. In regard to our own safety we must obey the emperor, and put an end to your existence, if you refuse to shake off your lethargic submission, and to revenge those injuries that you have already endured, as well as to prevent those that threaten you in future."

The letter of Valerius to the emperor was as follows:

TITUS VALERIUS POPLICOLA to TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS NERO CÆSAR.

"IF the letter which I transmit to you is what it appears to be, you will not be assured of my fidelity till I have sealed it by my death. The principles to which I have invariably adhered, and in which every honest citizen of Rome must for ever agree, enjoin me to respect in you the guardian of our laws, and the chief of our republic. I therefore counsel you to pursue the necessary steps for preventing your

own destruction, and the horrors of a civil war. If, through error, you have been induced to take my life, I forgive you, and exhort you to be henceforth more wary with respect to the choice of those in whom you place your confidence. If private resentment has been your instigator, I would have you consider, that repeated acts of injustice will weary the sufferance of Rome, and expose you, unarmed by conscious innocence, to the resentment of your numerous enemies.

"I send Marcus Quintius Flaminius to deliver into your hands this last and only proof I can give of my unwearied zeal for the welfare of my country; he is the heir of my principles, and will unchangeably and intrepidly defend those characters who are held sacred in Rome: I would not put his virtue to so severe a trial as to make him the spectator of his parent's death, but you may compensate his loss, if you do justice to my memory. Farewell!"

The despair that seized me after I had read these letters was greater than imagination can conceive; I had observed the guilty horror with

which the emperor heard announced the fourth hour of night; I had remarked the confusion into which he was thrown by the appearance of the commander of the guard, who, I now supposed, had brought him the intelligence that his mandate was obeyed. I flew towards the door, and with fury would have forced it open, if, at that instant, Tiberius had not entered, and assured me that Valerius lived, and that his intended assassin had received the punishment he merited. My senses were confused; I knew not what to believe; contending passions had usurped the empire of my reason, and I was almost in a state of frenzy, when I perceived at the furthest entrance of the gallery, a person surrounded by guards, whom I immediately knew to be Sigismar. The emperor desired him to advance, and relate what had passed: he obeyed without reluctance or hesitation.

"Cæsar!" said he, "I have destroyed the murderer of my father: I have killed him in defence of a man to whom I owe the greatest obligations. If I am to be punished for this deed, I cannot suffer in a nobler cause, though I do not boast of a premeditated act of justice: Sejanus and others whom I observe in this assembly, were present this day at a sacrifice in the tem-

ple* of Hercules at Tibur; I was there seen by them, and they afterwards passed me as they returned late this evening to the city. I received towards sun-set a letter from Arminius, brought me by a messenger whom I had dispatched to him for orders in what manner I was to conduct myself with respect to the embassy of Ingomar. The contents of this letter were agreeable to my wishes, and, being impatient to communicate them to Marcus Flaminius, I set out with this intention for Rome, and arrived at his mansion when the evening was far advanced: I believe it to have been near the fourth hour: I was informed that perhaps he might be at the house of Titus Valerius, to which place I directed my steps; but on enquiring for my friend, I learned that he was absent, and that Valerius had given express orders none should be admitted, except a person charged with a message from the emperor. I repeated my enquiries after Flaminius: and, during this time, I saw the Grecian Philocles enter the portico with a guard of soldiers: he passed so near me that I instantly recollected his features, and felt that indignation which every man

* Some remains of it are to be seen at Tivoli, near that of Sibyl.

must feel who beholds the assassin of his father: he left the soldiers in the vestibule, and proceeded alone towards the inner apartments guided by a servant of Valerius. I followed him, notwithstanding the endeavours of the slaves to prevent me; and, as I knew him capable of every treachery, appearances alarmed me for the uncle of my friend. I saw him enter the room where Valerius was seated near a statue of Rome; his arm rested on the pedestal: 'I am come,' said Philocles, 'to hear your final decision; every thing is prepared, and your presence alone is wanting to give the signal.' Valerius answered coolly; 'My decision is, I hope, already known to the emperor; you have only to execute his commands.' Philocles started; but soon recovering himself, presented to the senator a bowl, which I had not before observed. Valerius took it, and would have raised it to his lips, when I rushed in with precipitation, and dashed it to the ground: at the same instant Philocles drew a poignard, and called aloud for the assistance of the guard; but I wrested the weapon from his hand, and plunged it into his bosom: he fell, and I surrendered myself prisoner to the soldiers. Valerius addressed them in a few words, bidding them follow the instructions they had received; he said

that the part which I had taken was wholly without his knowledge, and contrary to his wish, so far as regarded himself; but that having formerly lost a father through the treachery of Philocles, the action which I had committed was pardonable to the sudden effect of filial resentment.

"The centurion, who commanded the party, was surprised and embarrassed: he ordered his soldiers to remove the Greek, who shewed still some remains of life; and then turning to Valerius, told him that his name was Herennius, and that the orphan children of his brother, who had been killed in Germany, were protected and sustained by Marcus Flaminius. 'I was in some measure ignorant,' continued he, 'of the purpose on which Philocles was sent. I have to reproach myself with many faults. I have squandered in vice and dissipation the patrimony which I should have shared with my nephews, yet am now sufficiently humiliated by having been chosen for this night's enterprise: but heaven forbid that I should lift my sword against the uncle of the benefactor of my family!'

"Valerius replied with astonishing serenity: 'Young man, if you are not disposed to execute the commission with which the Greek was entrusted, return to the emperor, and assure him

that I have made no resistance; and that, whenever he requires it, my life is at his disposal.'

The emperor here interrupted Sigismar, by saying that Herennius had delivered to him the message from Valerius, and that he approved the conduct of the centurion. "As to you, Sigismar," continued he, "if there has been any thing reprehensible in your conduct, it deserves to be freely pardoned in consideration of the happy consequences which have resulted from it. Valerius would wrong me to imagine that I do not sincerely rejoice in the discovery of his innocence. As soon as I received his letter, I sent to prevent the departure of Philocles, but the commander of my guards informed me that the orders came too late."

By this time, Septimius, I recollected myself, and returned thanks to heaven and to Sigismar for the preservation of my uncle: I answered Tiberius, that I hoped in future he would do justice to the virtues of a man who was superior to calumny and revenge, and whose generosity in pardoning his enemies was equal to the justice and rectitude by which his actions were invariably regulated. I then enquired whether my assistance might not be employed against the insurrection which threatened the life of the emperor: his

apprehensions were great, and he had already commanded that the prætorian troops should be placed to bar every avenue to the palace. A freedman of confidence was sent to examine the dying Philocles, and at his return he reported, that the Greek confessed his treasonable correspondence with the Athenian slaves in our army; and that, by their means he had formed a connexion with the remaining partisans of Clemens, the slave who successfully personated the unfortunate Posthumous Agrippa, till he was surprised and put to death by Tiberius; that finding the party was still numerous at Rome, he renewed by letter an intimacy with many of his nation, who are well received in this city on account of their talents. He employed these in reviving the hopes of the malecontents; and joined the embassy of Maroboduus, as a plausible pretence for appearing in the capital without raising suspicion of his designs; that having introduced himself into the familiarity of Sejanus, and into the favour of the emperor by false representations of Valerius, he had undertaken to put him to death, the better to conceal the conspiracy in which he was himself engaged. He named many of the persons who were accomplices in this odious attempt, and particularly some of the senators,

who had lately been expelled the house. He however acknowledged that they would not have joined with him, but that they were made to believe Valerius approved of their designs. It appeared that Philocles had industriously spread these reports of my uncle, not only at court, but amongst the conspirators, to strengthen by so respectable a name the cause of these malecontents, who consisted chiefly of men of desperate fortunes and foreigners. Their measures however seem to have been taken with sufficient precaution: Philocles, during the night, was to have opened to them a private door of the palace: several of the guards were corrupted, and the emperor, his friends, and family, would undoubtedly have been massacred. Many of the chief patricians of Rome were marked out for destruction, and their effects would have been given up to plunder and rapine.

Tiberius asked what advantage the conspirators could promise themselves from the general ruin, or what system they meant to establish on so desperate an undertaking.

"The same," answered I, "no doubt, which all conspirators have in view; that of raising their private fortunes on the public confusion; a change is all they desire, without any regard to

the evils which may result from it. The true lovers of their country have ever acted in a contrary manner: the Decemvirs were expelled; the consular government was introduced by the influence of accidental events, which awakened the indignation of a long suffering people, and warned them to break the fetters of despotism; but no plots had been previously laid, no cruelty or violence attended the vindication of their liberty."

The emperor was silent, and his freedman proceeded to inform him that Philocles acknowledged he had been unwilling to communicate the plot to my uncle, for he knew the firmness of his character and feared lest he should disclose it to the emperor; but he had constantly made use of his name, and the other conspirators insisted on being certain of his concurrence, when the time of putting their project into execution so nearly approached. He flattered himself that he had obviated all danger by not disclosing it to Valerius till he supposed there could be no time for his informing Tiberius: he had placed some of the guards, who were his confederates, to prevent any message from reaching the emperor, but did not dare to trust them with the secret of his fatal commission. Either from the conjectures of their fellow

soldiers, who were sent with Herennius, or by some other means,-they suspected the intended assassination of Valerius; and not knowing that Philocles was the person employed, they imagined the conspiracy was discovered and consulted their own safety by flight. In his letter to my uncle, Philocles had varied from his usual hand-writing, and at all events he imagined that by destroying him he should ensure the secret till concealment was no longer necessary. The unexpected death of Philocles, for he expired soon after he had avowed his crimes, spread a general consternation over all his adherents: those who received timely intelligence of this event and of the innocence of Valerius, fled with precipitation: amongst these are the degraded senators; the rest have been apprehended, and will be either executed or exiled, as they appear to be more or less guilty. The Grecian professors of science are commanded to leave the city, and many good and respectable men, who are an honour to learning, have been confounded in this general proscription.

It is impossible to give you an adequate idea of the humiliation apparent in the countenances of the emperor and Sejanus. The minister endeavoured to form some apology for himself, and

it is evident that he was latterly deceived by Philocles, who artfully lulled his fears, after he perceived that he had some knowledge of the conspiracy, and who persuaded him that all would be quieted by the death of the powerful Valerius. This is but a poor extenuation of his baseness; and the protection which the emperor continues to grant him is a melancholy proof that he has intrusted him with secrets, the disclosure of which might be attended with reproach or danger to himself.

As soon as all in the palace was restored to peace and tranquillity, I returned with Sigismar to the house of Valerius. Our meeting was beyond measure affecting: it seemed to be the first time, since my absence in Germany, that I could feel without alloy, the satisfaction of being restored to him. The constant agitation in which I had been on his account, gave place to the most pleasing emotions, and I had the inexpressible gratification of perceiving that he was sensible of the happiness of being preserved to his family. I impatiently enquired for my Valeria, and eagerly longed to exchange our former complaints for mutual congratulations. My disquietude for her, while her father was exposed to such imminent danger, unspeakably increased

my anxieties. Valerius informed me that, when he received the letter, he was neither surprised at the conspiracy, nor at the order for his death; and as he long expected the latter, he had spent the greatest part of his time in arranging every thing that might contribute to the future good of his family and friends.

"I was of opinion," said he, "from the first moment in which I had the consolation of seeing you in Ericusa, that my existence would be precarious, as soon as the court was apprised of the discovery you had made. However you consulted your duty and your affection in the search, and I would gladly have paid, with my life, the satisfaction of seeing you restored to me; and the only chance that was left for your saving me with honour, was the determined manner in which you addressed Tiberius, at your return from the island. Had not the plot been laid, of which Drusus was in great measure the innocent cause, it is probable either that shame, and the fear of detection, would have induced the emperor to consent, unconditionally to your demands; or, what I shudder to think, that you, my dear Marcus, would have been the victim of your noble sincerity and generous resentment. I should then have lost the consolation which made me

look on death with indifference; Valeria would have wanted the friend and protector, whose restoration had calmed every uneasiness that I once felt for her future situation. I returned thanks to Providence for having preserved me from this misfortune, by a combination of circumstances; your reciprocal affection, and your late contract, freed my mind from disquiet, and I would not wait for my last moments to communicate to you both the advice and instructions which I thought conducive to your future honour and prosperity. The traitorous confederacy, which I learned from the letter of Philocles, delivered while you were at the house of Dolabella, convinced me that I had not been deceived in my conjectures relative to the sentiments of Tiberius and his minister. I have always believed that men are not gratuitously wicked, however unjust they may be in their suspicions. The phantoms of the imagination are often worked up into apparent certainties, by the insinuations of those whose interest it is to cherish them: such has been the state of Tiberius, and such is the perpetual delusion to which princes are exposed. I was assured that he would repent of my assassination, when he received, through my means, the information that saved his life: I was even persuaded that he would pre-

vent the blow, if I had sought my safety by an earlier vindication of my innocence; but this would have been unworthy of me, and I did not send for you till the time approached, in which I expected to seal, by my death, the fidelity and candour of my principles. You never could have wished me to barter for my life, by the discovery of a conspiracy, which it was my duty to reveal: I felt some pain in refusing myself the satisfaction of a last farewell to you and to Valeria. Before I consigned to you the packet, I had led my daughter to her apartment, and directed her to remain there, as I had business of importance to transact. Syrius, on whom I had conferred the gift of liberty in my last will, was the only person intrusted with a knowledge of the event I expected. My commands enjoined this faithful and afflicted servant to silence; and I gave him every necessary direction relative to myself, and the last assurances of my affection for you and Valeria. The unexpected tumult, occasioned by the sudden appearance of Sigismar, and the fate of Philocles, alarmed Valeria, who was with difficulty restrained by her women, from being witness of a scene ill suited to her sensibility. With some difficulty I afterwards calmed the agitation into which she was thrown,

by a relation of what had passed; but her fears were not wholly dissipated, till a message from the emperor assured her of my safety and of yours. I then obliged her to retire to rest, and wished to defer your meeting till her spirits should be more composed."

It was now morning, and our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sejanus: the natural insolence of his looks was changed into contrition and servility; he thanked Valerius, in the most abject manner, for the preservation of his life, and solicited forgiveness for a conduct, which he sought to justify, by pretending a mistaken zeal for the safety of the emperor.

"Sejanus," answered my uncle, "the preservation of your life is a very inconsiderable obligation; but I shall have done you an important service, if the late event has engraved on your memory, that the honour and interest of every individual are connected with the general good of the republic. As a citizen of Rome, your exemption from danger affords me unfeigned satisfaction, and I sincerely wish that your life may be hereafter useful to your country, and grateful to your prince."

You will readily imagine, Septimius, that the

visit of Sejanus was not of long duration; when he departed, I could not forbear expressing to Valerius my indignation, that so base a wretch should continue in the favour of Tiberius, and my apprehensions of his future malice and indignation towards his preserver.

"You have no cause," replied Valerius, "to apprehend any further danger for me from the malignity of Sejanus: would I were equally sure that Germanicus, and even Drusus could be sheltered from his perfidy! It was cowardice, and not resentment, that armed him against me. He has not sufficient delicacy to be offended by my contempt; but he feared and sought to obviate my resentment: he is at length convinced that I bear him no personal animosity, and it is possible that this may be a lesson to him, for the future, in regard to others."

Sigismar now communicated to us the letter of Arminius. This chief not only permits, but exhorts him to remain in Italy; inveighs against the defection of Ingomar, and the enmity of Maroboduus, and utterly disclaims any further designs of committing hostilities on the territories of our allies, or succouring the nations who may rebel against us. He desires that Sigismar will make known his intentions, and endeavour

to prevent the success of the embassy of Maroboduus.

My friend, whose candour and attachment to his duty render him more capable of assisting his leader in the field, than of supporting his interest in political negotiations, was infinitely pleased that an answer, favourable to the desires of Arminius, had been already given, and was not less gratified at the removal of every obstacle to his settlement in this country. The internal dissensions of Germany are foreign to his character, and he would neither second the designs of his general, if aimed at absolute sovereignty, nor draw his sword against the man whom he has ever loved and respected.

Thus far, my dear Septimius, I have informed you of the changes that have occurred. The importance of the events, the danger to which Valerius has been exposed, various circumstances have kept my mind, during many hours, in a state of constant perturbation; and I must be more composed before I can feel the full extent of my present happiness, and my future hopes. I will not any longer delay the sympathetic joy you will experience. Farewell, my excellent friend!

LETTER LXXXII.

THE wretch who has been cast on a desert island, and sees no appearance of sustenance nor means of departure, feels not such ecstacy at the arrival of a vessel from his native shores, as I experience, my dear Septimius, in losing every further apprehension for the safety of Valerius, while I can yield to the transporting thought of being soon united to the beloved object whose virtues make every day a deeper impression on my heart: the time, indeed, approaches slowly; but no melancholy reflections now disturb the anticipation of my happiness.

After I had finished my last letter to you, I returned to Valerius, and obtained permission to see his daughter; but what words can suffice to give you an idea of our meeting?

"My children," said our beloved protector, "you cannot feel more sincerely than myself the satisfaction of my being preserved for you. I am fully sensible of the blessings I enjoy, and

though life has been ever considered by me as a trifle not worth our care when compared with honour, I yet despise the man who is indifferent to the many enjoyments and advantages of which every thinking being is capable, or who is meanly depressed by the difficulties and misfortunes incident to our existence. Neither the Stoic nor the Epicurean seems to have discovered the true path to happiness; it is not an imaginary road; it is plain and simple; and to follow it requires no other exertion than to adhere firmly to our duty. The man who denies himself every innocent gratification, wants that just confidence in his own virtue, and distrusts in himself that power which should render him incapable of trespassing on the limits of good and evil. He who considers even the most innocent pleasures as the only objects worthy of pursuit; who esteems it of no avail to disturb his mind with serious reflection, or his heart with the distresses of others, exposes himself to a thousand passions, more destructive of tranquillity than those which he is so careful to exclude. The slightest circumstance that interrupts his repose becomes to him a real evil, and his least miserable moments are those of uninteresting apathy."

As we attentively listened to Valerius, intelli-

gence was brought us of the death of Aurelia: she had languished out the night with incredible torture, and expired a few hours after the death of Philocles. It has been discovered that he mixed poison in the dishes, which he presented to her at the fatal supper preceding the day allotted for the execution of his plot: he feared detection from her knowledge of his connexion with Sejanus, and wished to impose eternal silence on a transaction, which must have rendered him odious to the other conspirators.

This information renewed the horror I had felt at the sight of her sufferings. May her errors be for ever buried in oblivion! Unhappy Aurelia!

The amiable Valeria was sensibly affected with her history, and with the fatal catastrophe by which it was terminated. "I fear," said she, "that the unfortunate Aurelia has been all her life unconscious of true happiness: is it possible she never loved?"

Need I say, my friend, with what transport I heard this remark?

"I pity her sincerely," continued my Valeria, "she possessed exalted talents, and the power of pleasing to an eminent degree. I did not imagine that ambition had such baneful influence on

our sex, who are, happily, by their education, and by the custom of the world, excluded from the dangerous pre-eminence that excites the emulation of men, and often impels them to actions unworthy their principles. Born to move in an humbler sphere, every distinction is to us a danger, and celebrity the greatest of misfortunes."

Valeria expressed the sentiments of her heart: the modesty, simplicity, and reserve of her character, draw a veil over her perfections, and render them still more interesting; her reading is extensive, and her judgment far superior to what could be expected at her years; she is acquainted with the best authors of our country, and of Greece; her exquisite sensibility, and the liveliness of her imagination, give her the most correct and the most elegant taste for poetry. She has a general acquaintance with the sciences and liberal arts: her father having enriched her mind with a variety of instruction which she uses for the government of her life, more than for the ornament of her conversation. Her manner of speaking affords a striking example of the purity of language, which Cicero* remarked in the Roman ladies of his time, uncorrupted by the af-

* De Oratore.

fectation, or barbarism of foreign idioms; all that she says is dictated by truth and candor, but she avoids giving her opinion except she is earnestly requested; and it is easier to see that she is not ignorant of the subject, from her attention to what is said by others, than from any attempt to display her own knowledge.

Valeria is equally clear from the slightest tincture of vanity in respect to her personal attractions; every motion is graceful, and every look engaging, but she appears to have been thus formed by the partial hand of nature; and the same exalted virtue, the same delicacy of sentiment which regulate her conduct, illuminate her features, and animate her form with dignity and elegance.

Her time is continually employed: and she never voluntarily remits her application for a moment's leisure but for the duties of affection or of urbanity. Even when she is interrupted by the importunate visits of the idle, she leaves them without apparent displeasure, and always seems contented with that society in which she is placed. Valeria has a general benevolence for the good, and does not confine her esteem to distinguished talents; she never remarks a want of understanding in innocent characters, nor satirizes the er-

rors of wayward imagination: she receives the praises of her friends not as a tribute but as a favour, and prefers the demonstrations of regard to those of admiration.

After what I have said, which is a faint picture of the virtues and graces of my Valeria, and at the same time an unnecessary attempt to describe those perfections, which you and all who have seen her must have observed, will you not accuse me, Septimius, of immoderate self-love, when I add, that her heart is in unison with mine, and that she has too much unaffected goodness to leave me a doubt of the sincerity of her sentiments for Marcus?

Secure of my own happiness, is it not time that I should be solicitous for yours? Why did you not sooner mention a circumstance so interesting to your friend? When I was overwhelmed with miseries and disquietude, the future prospect of your felicity would have been an alleviation to my sorrows. I have seen Atilia, who seems highly to approve your choice, and you could not form an alliance more agreeable to my wishes. The daughter of Cæcina deserves your attachment, and you are not unacquainted with my sincere esteem and veneration for her father. This brave and excellent friend of Valerius has been in

Etruria since our return from Germany, but he is daily expected at Rome.

The reasons which still detain you in Illyria are too just for me to combat, yet how ardently do I wish for the season which may restore you to your ever grateful, and no longer unhappy friend!

LETTER LXXXIII.

MY patience is wearied by the pompous preparations and ceremonious rites that must precede our marriage; and I daily complain to Valerius of the unnecessary delay which keeps me still from the promised happiness. Though superior to every prejudice, yet he will not depart from customs authorised by the institutions of antiquity. He is of opinion that innovations are productive of worse consequences than may at first be apprehended, and in the ancient structure of our laws and established manners, he would preserve the ornaments, lest the columns should fall and endanger the whole building. I often acquiesce in the propriety of these rules, but on this particular occasion I could wish that he were less scrupulously attached to their observance.

In the mean time I have attended him to inform Tiberius of our approaching nuptials. The emperor held a long conversation with Valerius on the late events, and made numberless reflections on the perils and anxieties to which the go-

vernment of the republic perpetually exposed him. He declared himself to be, what I have ever believed him, the most unhappy man in his dominions; but for this he assigned reasons very different from the truth. He lamented the spirit of opposition that pervaded the senate, and the seditious murmurs that circulated among the people.

Valerius took this opportunity of assuring him that his disquietudes were ill-founded, and his apprehensions ill directed. "Let us," said he, "except a few malcontents, who have neither power nor influence as long as they are left to the neglect they deserve, and be assured that the senate and people of Rome will ever support the government, by which their property, their lives and their honour are secured. A prince has certainly greater cares, but he has also greater enjoyments than any other individual; his faculty of doing good is more extensive; and when he is fully persuaded that his own interest and that of his country are one; that by far the majority of the people will desire his welfare and defend his person, while they are conscious that he is solicitous for their happiness; and that the men who would excite his suspicions against others are usually themselves the greatest traitors; such a

prince may repose in peace and security, surrounded by a brave and generous nation, who would suffer the last extremity sooner than disturb the quiet of the state, or imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow citizens. If the Roman people were dissatisfied with the present form of government, they would not secretly murmur, but openly throw off the yoke. If the patricians and men of senatorial rank did not imagine that a supreme head was necessary for the administration of affairs in our extensive empire, they would not, from considerations merely personal, content themselves with opposing a few decrees, but would nobly assert their original independence. Their opposition, O Cæsar! is the safeguard of your empire: while they attempt to stop partial abuses, they manifestly prove that they do not look on the general state of the commonwealth to be wholly desperate, and, by supporting the ancient majesty of Rome, they add to the lustre of your imperial dignity. The beloved ruler of a free and manly people is the most illustrious title which a mortal can enjoy: a nation that knows by experience the united advantages of sacred liberty and just subordination, sports, like the generous courser, around his reposing master, and is ready to obey his orders

when the voice of glory calls him to the battle. Not so the humiliated and oppressed subjects of despotism; they drag their chains with apparent submission, but when these are once broken by chance or opposition, their long dissembled resentment bursts out with accumulated fury, resembling a beast of prey, who in the wilderness of recovered liberty makes no distinction between the innocent flocks that strayed around him, or the slaves who sported with his misery. Base in his subjection, insolent and cruel in his revenge, he becomes at once a dread example to the demagogue and to the tyrant."

The emperor, though his practice had been very different, concurred in his reply with the opinion of Valerius. I foresee that they, whose duty calls them to the internal government of the republic, must live in continual warfare against the encroachments of Tiberius, and of his servile and rapacious adherents. My uncle, ever faithful to the constant principles of the Valerian family, which have transmitted, from father to son, the sacred care of the laws promulgated by their first consul for the safety of the Roman people, continues unshaken in his resolutions; happy in that firm coolness, and equal serenity of temper, that so eminently qualify him for the

arduous task of defending the remaining bulwark of our liberties. Inferior to him in every respect, my ardent imagination, and the impetuosity of my passions, render me incapable of weighing, with prudence and moderation, the means of effecting what I earnestly desire. My indiscreet zeal would, I fear, be prejudicial to the cause I endeavoured to support: I can neither behold with patience the man I despise, nor listen without indignation to those insidious proposals which might, perhaps, be more successfully avaded by art, than rejected abruptly. A military life is the only one in which I can yield to the natural impulse of my disposition: I can there enjoy the pleasures of society without a suspicion of treachery; I can oppose the enemies of my country while I esteem their courage, and when they lay down their arms, I can become their friend or protector. If victory and fame should crown my labours, I can feel the innate satisfaction of having contributed to the general good of Rome, without exciting the hatred of any party: and whenever an intermission of martial duties restores me to my Valeria, not unworthy of her affection, domestic blessings will strew my path with flowers. The friendships of Septimius, Sigismar, and a few others, whose hearts can

sympathize with us, will shew me the world in its fairest light. Arts, literature, and science may contribute to adorn the fortunate hours of life, and nature, in her purest garb, shall present to us the cup of inexhaustible happiness.

The British princes are to be present at the celebration of our marriage. Atilia, Cæcina, Sigismar, now Titus, and his family, with many others of our friends, will be assembled on this occasion, and soon after we shall spend a few days at my villa near Tusculum.*

The Britons are infinitely pleased with the paintings which I have designed for their grandfather, and with some other presents I have been preparing for them. Mandubratius has directed them to send him from Rome a statue of Germanicus. When I conducted them to the sculptor Polidore for this purpose, I found him employed about a figure which the princes declared resembled me; and, on enquiry, I found that Valerius had, without my knowledge, ordered a statue of me in the attitude of a reposing warrior, with a Cupid at my feet. The artist has complied with his idea, and says the resemblance is generally thought to be exact. When I rejoined

* Grotto Ferrata and Frascati.

Valerius, I could not help expressing my sense of this fresh proof his kindness: he sportively replied, that as my unexpected return must rob his gardens at Baïæ of the urn, which had long been the object of his affection, it was necessary that I should make him amends by decorating, with my image, some part of his possessions.

Farewell, my dear Septimius; I am surprised that I have not received the letter which you promised in your last. What can be the occasion of this silence?

LETTER LXXXIV.

AT length, my friend, you may congratulate the happy Marcus—Valeria is mine! No language can express my ecstacy! You will not expect from me a description of the ceremony to which I am now reconciled, since to that I owe the indissoluble bond* that for ever unites me to my Valeria. Yet I must not omit to inform you of a circumstance that will interest you: the children of Flavius Herennius, who are educated by my directions, entreated to be two of the torch-bearers who accompany the bride to the mansion of her husband. I willingly consented, but a Flamen, who was present, remarked, that this office could only be performed by youths whose father and mother were both living. The children burst into tears, and each of them running up to me, and catching fast hold of my hands,

* The marriages, performed with all the ceremonies, were considered as indissoluble.

exclaimed, as with one voice, "Alas! you have made us forget that we are orphans!" I comforted them to the best of my power, with assurance, that no Flamen could prevent them from accompanying me hereafter to the field, in the service of their country. I related the story to Valeria; she called them to her the next day, and presented each of them with a jewel, in acknowledgment of their intended ministry, and has permitted me to grant them, in her name, the small estate on Mount Tusculum,* with the group of pines, cypresses, and larch trees, adjoining to my villa.

We have already passed three days in these delightful environs: they seem to have acquired innumerable beauties, which I had not before observed; the long walks of elms and plane trees, the gentle rivulet† that murmurs through the enchanting valley, shaded by the august Alban mountain, the wide extended view of Rome, the distant sea, and the horizon adorned every evening with gold and purple by the setting sun.—All, all, my friend, is peace, tranquillity, and delight.

* Still called Monte Tusculo.

† Anciently called Aqua Crabra, now La Marrana.

A numerous and happy society are here assembled. Titus* is the image of cheerfulness and content, and his Bertha, has in some measure conquered the excessive timidity, which at first gave her an appearance of restraint, in the midst of so many persons, with whose manners and customs she was unacquainted. Valeria, with an affability peculiar to herself, while she applauds the artless behaviour of Bertha, instructs her imperceptibly in the modes of life unknown to the Cheruscans. Cæcina assures me, that these are the first days he has spent with pleasure since we left the camp of Germanicus, and the happiness of your mother would be perfect if Septimius were added to the company.

Lepidus continues to reside at his Alban villa, but he sees us every day, and this morning we were surprised, in the most pleasing manner, by the arrival of Manlius Torquatus. His friendship for Valerius was the motive of his journey, and I cannot express my satisfaction in having so favourable an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to him.

Nothing can equal the hilarity and ease with which Valerius appears in society: the unremit-

* Sigismar.

ted cares and sincere attention that engross his mind, when engaged in public business, or in the studies of his closet, are totally suspended now he is surrounded by his friends. He seems to have no other desire than to please and be pleased; yet, in the midst of the gayest conversation, he never fails to introduce some remark or some example, that may form the heart, or improve the understanding of his hearers. The demonstrations of his affections to Valeria and myself, are beyond all power of expression.

We have conducted the British princes to the neighbouring villas. They have been led through the stately galleries and magnificent apartments which remain a monument of the magnificence of Lucullus.* We have shewn them the spreading branches of the plane tree,† under which Cicero represents the eloquent Crassus giving lessons to form an orator, and they have seen the elegant groves‡ where he himself composed one of the most beautiful of his philosophical works, the favourite treatise of Septimius.

* Life of Lucullus, in Plutarch.

† Cicero de Oratore.

‡ The villa of Cicero is supposed to have been situated where is now the abbey of Greek monks at Grotto Ferrata.

They have made further excursions with Valerius: he yesterday accompanied them to Alba* and Aricia;† they saw the temple‡ of Diana, and the venerable oak :§ the sumptuous dwelling ‖ of Pompey, and the valley ¶ where Ovid has so happily given immortality to Hippolitus. On their return they visited the hill,** which yet retains the name of Marius, and seemed peculiarly delighted with the prospect it afforded them. They talk much of the Alban lake, of the ancient structure†† which still serves for the emission of its superfluous waters, of the history of Camillus, and the war of Veii, the grotto‡‡ of the nymphs and the sepulchre§§ of Tullia.

* Palazzuolo near Albano.

† Laricia, fief of Prince Chigi.

‡ Near the Lake of Nemi, Ovid, &c.

§ An oak is still shewn, which the people of the country traditionally report to be 2000 years of age.

‖ Magnificent ruins of this still remain at Albano; the convent of Maestre Pie is built within part of the walls.

¶ Vallericia.

** Marino, fief of Prince Colonna.

†† Emissario, the emissary of the lake of Albano, still in good preservation, and built in the time of the Veian war, 397 years before the Christian æra. Livy, &c.

‡‡ Still shewn near the borders of the lake.

§§ A tomb in the vineyard Marzelli, at Castel Gandol-

To-day they have been at the Portian hill,* where dwelt the venerable censor: at their return they found most of our society walking in the long avenue of elms, and told us they had been pleased with the situation, but had not perceived any thing remarkable in the house.

"You have seen," said Valerius, "the most interesting spot in this neighbourhood, the spot which deserves to be viewed with most exalted reverence. Art and luxury are at this time in great perfection, and even they who disapprove of their influence, yet obey the dictates of custom; but remember, princes, that the greatness of Rome does not consist in sumptuous buildings. When you first arrived in our city you saw the Rostral column,† erected in commemoration of a glorious victory. It is small, and the materials of which it is composed, are as simple as the inscription on its pedestal: compare it in your mind with the magnificent pyramid‡ of Caius Cestius,

pho, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, supposed to be that of Tullia, daughter of Cicero.

* Still called Monte Porzio near Frascati: belongs to Prince Borghese.

† Of Duilius; at the capitol.

‡ Near the gate of St. Paul, at Rome.

Michael Angelo boasted that he would build in the air an edifice equal to the Pantheon; the Cupola of St. Peter's

adorned with the united excellencies of sculpture, painting, and architecture; consult the history of our times, and you will search in vain for the actions of the man whose ashes are there deposited. Such is the difference between the ages of virtue and those of splendor."

Torquatus here remarked that he was reconciled to the lofty monument of Cestius, because it perpetuated the remembrance of that disinterested generosity, which induced Agrippa to restore to the natural heirs the fortune left him by the Epulon.

"My dear Torquatus," said Valerius, "our age can boast of virtues not unworthy ancient Rome; and in the works of art, there are many of us who still prefer simplicity and proportion to a pompous display of opulence; but we begin to see colossal figures in our capital, and porticos of immeasurable length in our villas. If we suppose that nothing is sublime but what is immense, a time may come in which the Pantheon may be thought only worthy to serve as a dome for some gigantic edifice, and the palace of a prince may

was the result of his idea. The Vatican palace with the gardens, &c. is said to enclose as much ground as the city of Turin. I am told that Mr. Byres has accurately measured them, and found it to be true.

enclose more ground than a populous city. We seem to be making speedy advances towards this extravagant taste, and I leave you to judge how far it will contribute to the felicity, or real greatness of the people. Many works for public use must necessarily be spacious; but it does not require any singular genius to substitute magnitude for elegance and strength. Some voluminous historians have consumed their time, and our patience, in the relation of trifling occurrences, while Cæsar alone has given the true idea of a stile worthy the actions of a hero. In how small a space has he comprised the most important series of events that ever happened on the face of the globe! How clear and how distinct is the narration!

"Princes," continued he, addressing himself to the Britons, "you have much to observe and much to learn: you behold a people on whom Providence has bestowed distinguished talents, and unparalleled success. You have seen our victorious legions, and you are witnesses of our domestic felicity. Temperance, integrity, and courage, have been the sources of our happiness: to these virtues we have owed the protection of Heaven and the empire of the world: tell me whether such advantages do not merit the sacri-

fice of lawless pleasures, inglorious indolence, and interested views."

At this instant I received letters from Drusus and Germanicus: the former, who was deeply affected by the share he had innocently taken in the persecution of Valerius, rejoices with me on an event which ensures the happiness of our family. His contrition is undoubtedly sincere, for what other consideration could reconcile him to the loss of Valeria? Germanicus, with his usual sensibility and invariable kindness, congratulates me in the warmest terms, and, O welcome, welcome tidings! informs me that you are on the road to join me. The letter that painted to you my despair, previous to the departure of Drusus, has certainly been the motive of your benevolent visit; you have neglected every other concern to fly to the assistance of your friend, and you will come to enjoy his felicity.

But my Valeria approaches, the harbinger of every joy! She has seen you alight at the entrance—we haste to meet Septimius.

FINIS.

J. M'CREERY, Printer,
Black-Horse Court, Fleet-Street.

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 55 Note, for *Lavero* read *Lavoro*
60 Note, for *Procide* read *Prôcida*
247 Note, for *Montagne* read *Montagna*
250 Note, for *Sainte Oreste* read *Sant Oreste*
254 Note, for *Posthumous* read *Posthumus*
259 Note, for *Scarra* read *Sciarra*
and for *Columna* read *Colonna*

VOL. II.

Page 17 Line the 6th, for *aproved* read *approved*
176 Note, for *the* read *this*
227 Note, for *Sibyl* read *the Sibyl*